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Being

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And various Pieces in

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J. Rawstorne of R. Lancash. militia.

In Three Volumes.

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GLEANINGS OF WIT.

MAGNANIMITY OF A ROMAN SENATOR.

WHEN Vespasian commanded a senator to give his voice against the interest of his country, and threatened him with immediate death, if he spoke on the other side; the Roman, conscious that the attempt to serve a people was in his power, although the event was uncertain, answered, with a smile—"Did I ever tell *you* that I was immortal? My virtue is in *my own* disposal—my life in *your's*. Do what you will, *I* shall do what I *ought*; and if I fall in the service of my country, I shall have more triumph in my death, than *you* in all your laurels."

ASTONISHING EFFECTS OF MUSIC.

The following instance of the Effect of Music, is supported on the authority of Prince Cantimis, who relates it, in his Account of the Transactions of the Ottomans.

"Sultan Amurath, that cruel Prince, having laid siege to Bagdat, and taken it, gave orders that thirty thousand persons should be put to death, notwithstanding they had submitted, and laid down their arms: among the number of these unfortunate victims, was a musician.

"He besought the officer (who had the command, to see the Sultan's orders executed) to spare him but for a moment, while he might be permitted to speak to the Emperor.

"The officer indulged him in his intreaty, and being brought before the Sultan, he was permitted to exhibit a specimen of his art.—Like the Musician in Homer, he took up a kind of psaltry, which resembles

a lyre, and has six strings on each side, and accompanied it with his voice.

"He sung the taking of Bagdat, and the triumph of Amurath: The pathetic tones and exulting sounds, which he drew from the instrument, joined to the alternate plaintiveness and boldness of his strains, rendered the Prince unable to restrain the softer emotions of his soul.

"He even suffered him to proceed until overpowered with harmony, he melted into tears of pity, and relented of his cruel intentions. In consideration of the Musician's abilities, he not only directed his people to spare those among the prisoners, who yet remained alive; but also to give them instant liberty."

ANECDOTE.

About the close of the last century, a piece of antiquity existed in the neighbourhood of Fountain's-Abbey, still more curious than the Abbey itself:—That venerable instance of longevity, *Henry Jenkins*.

Among all the events, which in the course of a *hundred and sixty-nine years* had fastened on the memory of this singular man, he spoke of nothing with so much emotion as the ancient State of Fountain's-Abbey.

If he was ever questioned on that subject, he would be sure to inform you what a *brave place* it once had been, and would speak with much feeling of the clamours which its dissolution occasioned in the country. "About thirty years ago," (he would say) "when I was butler to Lord Conyers, and old Marmaduke Bradley, was Lord Abbot, I was often sent by my Lord to enquire after the Lord Abbot's health, and the Lord Abbot would always send for me up into his chamber, and order me roast beef and wassal, which, I remember well, was always brought in a *Black Jack*. From this account, we see what it was that rivetted Fountain's-Abbey so distinctly in the Old Man's memory. *The Black Jack*, I doubt not, made a stronger im-

pression than all the splendor of the house, or the virtue of the Lord Abbot.

N. B. The substance of these particulars, the author had from a MS. shewn him by Sir B. Graham.

ANECDOTE OF JAMES THE FIRST.

Sir Henry Montague was, for some time a favourite at James's Court, and was promoted to the office of Lord Keeper, but disdaining to enter into the measures of Buckingham, he was deprived of his post, by that haughty favourite.

While he continued in his office, Lilly, the astrologer, was tried and found guilty, by a peevish jury.

Conscious of his own innocence, he wrote a petition in Greek to King James. The Monarch, struck with the novelty of the circumstance, cried out, "by my soul this man ſhall not suffer; I think he is a better Grecian than any of my Biſhops."

BON MOT OF LORD CHESTERFIELD.

The great Handel, whose admirable music has lately brought such considerable sums, was, several years ago, so much neglected, that his Oratorios were frequently performed to empty benches. King George the Second, however, constantly attended Handel's pieces, though they were abandoned by the rest of the court. This attachment gave occasion to the following Bon Mot of Lord Chesterfield, who, coming out of the Oratorio one night, was met by Lord Delaware. "What!" said the latter, "have they dismissed, is there no Oratorio to-night?" "O, Yes," replied Lord Chesterfield, "they are now performing, but I thought it best to retire, lest I should *disturb the King in his privacies.*

EPIGRAM.

When I call'd t'other day, on a noble renown'd,
In his great marble hall lay the Bible *well bound,*
Not as printed by Basket, and bound up in black,
But chain'd to the floor, like a thief by the back;

Unacquainted with *ton*, and your quality airs,
I suppos'd it intended for family prayers:
His piety plea'd, I applauded his zeal,
Yet thought none would venture the *Bible* to *steal*:
But, judge my surprise, when inform'd of the case;
He had chain'd it, *for fear it should fly in his face.*

Verses on Admiral Byng's Judges, who, after finding him guilty, desired to be released from their Oath of Secrecy, which is administered to all Members of General Courts Martial.

" We, the Court Martial, now begin to sicken,
And find, at last, that we are conscience stricken;
Sad suppliants in Byng's behalf we come,
And humbly crave you will defer his doom;
Bound by our oath, we cannot yet make clear,
What t'was we meant, nor ever shall we fear;
We found him guilty—and we found him not;
We wish'd him sav'd—yet, wish'd him to be shot;
But, as at land, so did we find at sea,
If we did one, the other could not be.
Save him—great Chief, your royal mercy show;
Shoot him—dread Chief, let royal justice flow;
Relieve our consciences with pitying eye,
And grant that Byng, may neither live—nor die.

ANECDOTE.

When Lord Townshend was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the then Provost of Dublin lost no opportunity of repeating his solicitations for places...." My dear, Hely," said his Lordship, " you have a great many things, and I have nothing to give but a majority of dragoons." " I accept it then," replied the Provost. " What *you* take a majority," answered his Lordship, " zounds it's impossible, I only meant it as a joke." " And I accept it, replied the Provost, " merely to shew you *how well I can take a joke.*"

ANECDOTE.

Fontaine teaches in his Fables, that we ought not to refute *seriously* a gross absurdity; but the better to expose it to ridicule, we should use the most extravagant hyperboles.

A *Gascon*, who flattered himself that he possessed a most discerning sight, walk-

ing one day with a companion in the streets of Notre Dame, said—"Observe the fineness of my sight, I see a fly walking upon the clock of Notre Dame church." His companion replied, "I have not a sight so fine as you, but in recompence, my *hearing* is much better; for although I do not see the fly you mention, yet I hear it walk."

ANECDOTE.

Some friends of Philip of Macedon, having advised him to banish a man, who had spoken ill of him at Court; he replied, "By no means, for that is the way to make him rail at me, where I am less known."

Being, at another time, importuned to punish the ingratitude of the Peloponessians, for having hissed him at the Olympic games:—"How will they serve me," replied he, "should I punish them, when they cannot forbear affronting me, after so many obligations?"

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE.

In Feb. 1776, an oak was cut down on the estate of Dennis Rolle, Esq. near Great Torrington, Devonshire; the body of which measured thirteen feet six inches in diameter, on the surface of which two couple danced a country dance, and the fidler played standing on the corner.

Copy of Two Letters from King JAMES *the First, to the Lords, read at the Board, Nov.* 24, 1617, *respecting the Abatement of His Majesty's Household.*

"My Lords,

"No worldly thing is so precious as time; ye know what task I gave you to work upon during my absence, and what time was limited unto you for the performance of it. This same Chancellor of Scotland was wont to tell me, twenty-four years ago, that my house could not be kept upon epigrams; long discourses and air tales will never repair my estate.—

"Omnis virtus in actione consistit."—Remember I told you, that the shoe must be made for the foot, and let that be the square of all your proceedings in the business. Abate superfluities in all things, and multitudes of unnecessary officers wherever they be placed; but for the household; wardrobe, and pensions, cut and carve as many as may agree with my means; exceed not your rule of fifty thousand pounds for the household, if you can make it less, I will account it for good service, and that you may see I will not spare my own person, I have sent with this bearer a note of the superfluous charges concerning my mouth, having had the happy opportunity of this messenger in an errand so nearly concerning his place. In this, I expect no answer in word or writing, but only the real performance from the beginning, to relieve me out of my miseries: for now the ball is at your feet, and the world shall bear me witness, that I have put you fair to it.

And so praying God to bless your labours, I bid you heartily farewell.

"Your own JAMES, R."

"My Lords,

"I received from you yesternight the bluntest Letter that I think ever King received from his Council. Ye write that the Green Cloth will do nothing, and ye offer me no advice: Why are ye Counsellors, if ye offer no council? An ordinary messenger might have brought me such an answer: it is my pleasure that my charges be equally with my revenue, and it is necessary so to be; for this is a project must be made, and one of the main branches thereof is my house. This project is but to be offered unto you, and how it may be better laid to agree with my honour and contentment, ye are to advise upon, and then have my consent. If this cannot be performed without diminishing the number of tables, diminished they must be; and if that cannot serve, two or three

must be thrust into one. If the Green Cloth will not make a project for this, some other must do it. If ye cannot find them out, I must only remember two things, the time must no more be lost, and that there are twenty ways of abatement besides the house, if they be well looked into, and so farewell.

"JAMES R."

ANECDOTE.

At the siege of Tortona, in Italy, the commander of the army that lay before the town, ordered *Carew*, an Irish officer in the service of Naples, to advance with a detachment to a particular post. Having given his orders, he whispered to Carew, "Sir, I know you to be a gallant man, I have therefore put you upon this duty, it is certain death for you all, I place you there to make the enemy spring a mine below you." Carew made a bow to the General, and led on his men in silence to the dreadful post, he there stood

with an undaunted courage; and having called to a soldier for a glass of wine, now said he, "*I drink to all those who bravely fall in battle*," fortunately at this instant the town capitulated, and Carew escaped.

EPITAPH ON A MISER.

Here, crumbling lies, beneath this mold,
A man whose sole delight was gold;
Content was never once his guest
Tho' thrice ten thousand fill'd his chest,
For he, *poor man*, with all his store,
Died in great want—*the want of more.*

ANECDOTE.

During the summer of the year 1777, at a general meeting of the noblemen and gentlemen of the county of Buckingham, Lord Verney's presence being necessary, he attended, though he could scarce stir hand or foot with the rheumatism and gout.

After the meeting was over, it was likewise highly necessary his Lordship should sign the minutes of the proceedings, but how to do it, in the condition he was in, was the question. At last his Lordship,

with a pleasantry peculiar to himself, observed he must be under the necessity of doing, what many an honest man had done before, which was to set his mark, and accordingly drew a cross at the bottom of the paper, which was filled up by one of the gentlemen present, Verney ⋊ his mark, and which future antiquarians, perhaps, may bring as an undoubted proof of the barbarity of the times, that an Earl so late as the 18th century, could not write his own name.

AN ANECDOTE FOR ANTIQUARIANS.

A Mr. Pine, an Engraver and Herald, who was a very sensible man, used to relate a fact, which shewed Doctor Stukely's character as an Antiquarian.

As the Doctor and some other curious persons, among whom was Mr. Pine, were visiting certain antiquities in Hertfordshire, they came to a place called *Ceaser's Stile*, situated on the brow of an eminence. No sooner was the place named, than the

Doctor stopped all of a sudden, and after an attentive survey of the neighbouring ground, pronounced it to be directly the scite of a fortified pass, which Cæsar had left behind him in his march from Coveystakes to Verulam. Some of the company demurring that as to opinion, a debate arose, and an aged labouring man coming up, the Doctor asked him with great confidence, "Whether that was not called Cæsar's Stile?—"Aye, Master," said the old man, "that it is, I have good reason to know it, for many a day did I work upon it for old Bob Ceaser, rest his soul, he lived in yonder farm, and a sad road it was before he made this stile.

ANECDOTE.

An officer in a very gallant manner obliged Louis the XIVth to do him justice.

An ancient officer, whose distinguished merit and services had escaped the attention of Louis the XIVth in a promotion

of officers, went and most respectfully addressed him, saying "I had expected no other than to die in the service of your Majesty; but I did not think it would be with grief." The King, truly equitable and grateful, took the first opportunity of rewarding him with a promotion, equal to his spirit and gallantry.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

A Prussian lieutenant-colonel, whose regiment had been disbanded at the end of the war of 1756, was constantly soliciting his Majesty to be again put upon the establishment, and became so troublesome that he was forbidden the court.

Soon after, a libel appeared against his Majesty; and Frederick, however indulgent he was to transgressions of this kind, was so much offended with the audacity of this, that he offered a reward of fifty gold Fredericks, to any person who would discover the author.

The lieutenant-colonel sent in his name to the King, signifying, that he had an important piece of intelligence to give. He was admitted. "Sire," said he, "you have promised fifty gold Fredericks, to the person who would discover the author of of such a libel—I am the man; I lay my head at your feet; but keep your royal word, and while you punish the criminal, send to my poor wife and wretched children the sum you promised to the informer." His Majesty already knew who was the author of the libel: he was affected with the desperate extremity, to which necessity had obliged an otherwise estimable officer to have recourse; but he had owned himself guilty.—"Go" (said the Monarch) "instantly to Spandau, and under the locks of that fortress, wait the just effects of the wrath of your Sovereign." "I obey, Sire;—but the fifty gold Fredericks." "In two hours your wife shall receive them. Take this letter, and deliver it to the governor of Spandau; but enjoin him

not to open it until after dinner." The lieutenant-colonel arrived at the dreadful castle assigned him for his abode, and declared himself a prisoner.

When the desert was upon the table, the governor opened the letter; it contained these words: "I give the command of Spandau to the bearer of this letter; he will soon see his wife and children arrive with the fifty gold Fredericks.

"The present governor of Spandau will go to B—— in the same quality; I bestow that recompence upon him, in consideration of his services."

Epitaph on a private Soldier of the Royal Lancashire Militia, who met with an accidental death at Tynmouth Barracks.

When on the plains, where hosts embattled meet,
The soldier falls, amidst the conflict's heat;
No tears his comrades shed, *for there*, the brave,
Finds where he bleeds, a *laurel*, and a *grave*;
But when untimely fate inflicts the blow,
And lays his future hopes of glory low:

When, flits that soul, which in Britannia's cause,
Aspir'd to guard her liberty and laws:
Unwept he cannot die, the soldier's friend
Shall mourn his virtues, and lament his end.

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL BLIGH.

When Mr. Bligh was a captain in a regiment of infantry, and he and his lady were travelling in Yorkshire, they put up at an inn, where there happened to be only just as much in the larder as would serve them for dinner, which was immediately ordered. In the mean time, some sporting gentlemen of the country came in, and finding there was nothing in the house but what was getting ready for another company; asked, "who they were?" The landlord told them he did not directly know, but he believed the gentleman was an Irish officer. "Oh! d--n him, if he's Irish," says one of the company, "a potatoe will serve him.—Here," waiter, "take up this watch," pulling out an elegant gold watch, "carry it up stairs, and ask the gentleman what's o'clock." The waiter at first hesi-

tated; but the company insisted upon his delivering the message, and he was obliged to comply. Mr. Bligh was surprised at such an impudent message; but recollecting himself a moment, took the watch from the waiter, and sent his compliments to the company, that he would tell them before they parted. The message, however, produced his dinner to be sent up in quiet; which, after he had eat, he claps a couple of horse-pistols under his arm, and going down stairs, introduced himself to the company, by telling them, he was come to tell them *what o'clock it was*; but first begged to be informed, to which of the gentlemen the watch belonged:—here a dead silence ensued. Mr. Bligh then began on his right hand, by asking them severally the question, each of whom denied his knowledge of the circumstance.—"Oh then," says he, "gentlemen, I find I have mistaken the room; the waiter a while ago, brought me an impudent message from some people in this house, which I come, as you see,

(pointing to his pistols,) properly to resent, but I find I have mistaken the company :" saying this, he wished them a good evening, paid his bill, stepped into his carriage, and drove off with the watch in his pocket, which he kept to the day of his death.

EPIGRAM.

Ye rascals of ringers, ye merciless foes,
And disturbers of all who are fond of repose;
How I wish for the quiet, and peace of the land,
That ye wore round your necks, what you hold in your hand.

EPITAPH ON A MUSICIAN.

Philips, whose touch harmonious, could remove
The pangs of guilty pow'r, and hapless love;
Rest here, distrest by poverty no more,
Here, find that calm thou gav'st so long before:
Sleep undisturb'd, within this peaceful shrine,
'Till angels wake thee, with a note like thine.

ANECDOTE.

Roubilac, the famous statuary, found a parcel of Bank-notes in the church-yard of St. Martin's in the Fields, to the amount of seven thousand pounds, the property of a Yorkshire gentleman, who advertised a re-

ward of five hundred pounds. Mr. Roubilac returned the notes, but generously refused the five hundred pounds. The gentleman, charmed with his behaviour, made him a present of a fine set of plate, and left him a thousand pounds in his will, in case he survived him; but Roubilac dying first, rendered the gentleman's intentions of no effect.

THE TRUE PHILOSOPHER.

A professor of alchymy, hearing of the uncommon merit of a neighbouring philosopher, took the first opportunity of paying him a visit, and seemed not a little surprised at the plain manner in which the latter lived. "Heavens!" said he, "that a man of your unexampled virtue should live under this humble roof; but, be of good cheer, I am come to repair the outrage fortune has done you. I possess a *secret*, which, upon certain considerations I will communicate to you, and by the transmutation of metals, I doubt not, but we shall divide more gold than is to be found in the

sands of the Tagus, or the mines of Africa: "Thank you," replied the sage, "but I must decline your offer, for to live contented without gold, to have an undisturbed mind, in a sound body, is, in my opinion, the only real treasure this world can afford, and is, in fact, the true Philosopher's Stone."

ANECDOTE.

An arabian, being once asked of whom he had learned virtue? replied, "*of the bad*, for their wickedness inspired me with a distaste to vice."

ANECDOTE.

When Philip III. King of Spain, sent his ambassador to treat with the States of Holland about their Independancy, he was shewn into an anti-chamber, where he waited to see the members of the state pass by. He stood for some time, and seeing none but a parcel of plain dressed men with bundles in their hands, (which, as many of them came from distant provinces, con-

tained their *linen* and *provisions.*) He asked his interpreter, "When the states would come?" The man, replied, "that *those* were the members he saw go by." Upon which he immediately wrote to the commander-in-chief of the Spanish army, desiring him to advise the King (his master,) to make peace as soon as possible. In his letter, he has this remarkable passage:—"I expected to have seen in the states a splendid appearance; but instead of that, I saw only a parcel of plain-dressed men with sensible faces, who came in council with provisions in their hands.

Their parsimony will ruin the King, (my master) in the course of the war, if it is continued, for there is no contending with people whose nobles can live upon a shilling a day, and will do every thing for the service of their country." The King struck with the account, agreed to treat with them as an independant state, and put an end to the war.

"Where *now*, alas, is their boasted Independence?"

LINES EXTEMPORE ON THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

Isle of Wight, thy weather's like a modish wife,
Thy winds and rains for ever are at strife;
So termagant, a while her thunder tries,
And when she can no longer scold—she cries.

ANECDOTE OF DRYDEN.

Mr. Dryden happening to pass an evening with the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Rochester, Lord Dorset, and some others of the first distinction and reputation for genius; the conversation turned upon literary subjects, such as the fineness of composition, the harmony of numbers, the beauties of invention, the smoothness and elegance of style, &c. &c. After some debate, it was finally agreed, that each person present should write something upon whatever subject chanced to strike the imagination, and place it under the candlestick; Mr. Dryden was excepted against in every respect, but as a judge of the whole, of course, that office was assigned him.

Some of the company were at more than ordinary pains to out-rival each other; the person most tranquil and unconcerned, was Lord Dorset, who, with much ease and composure, very cooly wrote two or three lines, and carelesly threw them into the place agreed upon; and when the rest had done so by theirs, the arbiter opened the leaves of their destiny. In going through the whole, he discovered the most violent raptures.

"I must acknowledge," says Dryden, "that there are abundance of fine things in my hands, and such as do honour to the personages who wrote them; but I am under the indispensible necessity of giving the preference to Lord Dorset. I must request you will hear it yourselves, gentlemen, and I believe each, and all of you, will approve my judgment." "I promise to pay to John Dryden, Esq. or order on demand, the sum of five hundred pounds.

DORSET."

"I must confess" (continued Dryden,) "that I am equally charmed with the style and the subject; and I flatter myself, gentlemen, that I stand in need of no argument, to induce you to join with me in opinion against yourselves. This kind of writing exceeds any other; whether ancient or modern. It is not the essence, but the quintessence of language, and is in *fact*, *reason* and *argument*, surpassing every thing." The company all readily concurred with the bard, and each person was forward to express a due admiration of his lordship's penetration, solid judgment, and superior abilities, with which it is probable, Dryden was more thoroughly satisfied than any of the company.

Instance of extraordinary recollection in the late Doctor Samuel Johnson.

Some time previous to Doctor Hawksworth's publication of his beautiful little Ode on Life, since published in Pearche's Collection of Poems, in 4 vols. he carried

it down with him to a friend's house in the country to *re-touch*. Dr. Johnson was of this party, and as Hawksworth and the Doctor lived upon the most intimate terms, the former read it to him for his opinion. "Why, Sir," says Johnson, "I cannot well determine on a first hearing; read it again—second thoughts are sometimes best." Doctor Hawksworth complied: after which, Doctor Johnson read it himself; approved of it very highly, and returned it. Next morning at breakfast, the subject of the poem being resumed; Doctor Johnson, after again expressing his admiration of it, said, "he had but one objection to make to it, which was, that he doubted its originality." Hawksworth, alarmed at this, challenged him to the proof, when the Doctor *repeated* the whole poem, with the exception of only a few lines.

"What do you say now, Hawky?" said the Doctor, "I only say this, replied the other, "that I shall repeat nothing of my composing before *you* again, for you

have a memory that would convict any author of plagiarism in any Court of Literature in the world.

ANECDOTE.

A merchant in the reign of James I. having a demand on the King of Spain, for some damage which he had sustained from one of the Spanish men of war, and not having any other means of procuring redress, proceeded against his Majesty in Westmister-Hall, where, for want of an appearance, the King was (after some process) outlawed; whereupon *Gondemar*, the Spanish ambassador, immediately paid the money: The King, his master, having at that time several suits against the English merchants depending, he could not (during the outlawry) proceed as plaintiff.

ORDERS TO MY PORTER.

Translated from the French.

Thou faithful guardian of these happy walls,
Whose honest zeal protects thy master's gate;
If any stranger at this mansion calls,
I'll tell thee who shall enter, who shall wait.

If Fortune, (blindfold dame) should chance to knock,
Or proud Ambition court me to her arms;
" Shut, shut the door, good John," and turn the lock,
And hide thy master from their syren charms.

For in their dismal train, as black as night
Come hideous care, and sullen melancholy;
And song and joy, and laughter take their flight,
Nor leave one precious moment to dear Folly.

If at my door a beauteous boy be seen
(His little feet have oft my threshold trod)
You'll know the offspring of the Cyprean Queen,
His air (without his bow) betrays the God.

His magic smiles admission always win,
Tho' oft deceiv'd, I love the dear deluder,
Morn, noon, or night, be sure to let him in,
For welcome Love is never an intruder.

Should sober Wisdom hither deign to roam,
Nor let her in, nor drive her quite away;
Tell her at present " I am not at home,
" But hope she'll visit me another day."

EPITAPH.

To the Memory of JOHN DEALTRY, M. D. *York, whose Skill in his Profession was only equalled by the Humanity of his Practice.*

" Here, o'er the tomb, where Dealtry's ashes sleep,
See Health in emblematic anguish weep:

She drops her faded wreath, "No more," she cries
"Let languid mortals, with beseeching eyes,
Implore my feeble aid—it failed to save
My own and Nature's guardian from the grave."

A monument is erected in the cathedral of York to the memory of the above-named gentleman, the design of which is a figure of Health in alto relievo, with her antient insignia bending o'er an urn, and dropping a chaplet, and underneath the above inscription.

ANECDOTE OF DEAN SWIFT.

When Swift was at Quilca, a country seat of Doctor Sheridans, he went one sunday to a church at the distance of more than two hours ride. The clergyman of the parish invited him to dinner, but Swift excused himself by saying, it was too far to ride home after it—"No, I shall dine with my neighbour Reilly at Virgini, which is half way home." Reilly, who was what is called there a Gentleman Farmer, was proud of the honour, and

immediately dispatched a messenger to his wife to prepare for the reception of so extraordinary a guest. She dressed herself out in her best apparel; the son put on his new suit, and his silver laced hat. When the lady was introduced to the dean, he saluted her with the same respect, as if she had been a duchess, making several congees down to the ground, and then handed her with great formality to her seat. After some high flown compliments he addressed his host—"Mr. Reilly, I suppose you have a considerable estate here—let us go and look over your demesne." "Estate," says Reilly, "devil a foot of land belongs to me, or any of my generation: I have a pretty good lease here, indeed, from Lord Fingal, but he threatens he will not renew it, and I have but a few years of it to come." "Well—but when am I to see Mrs. Reilly?" "Why, don't you see her there before you?" "*That*, Mrs. Reilly, impossible! I have heard she is a prudent woman, and as such would never

dress herself out in silks, and other ornaments, fit only for ladies of fashion. No, Mrs. Reilly, the farmer's wife, would never wear any thing better than plain stuff, with other things suitable to it." Mrs. Reilly happened to be a woman of good sense, and taking the hint, immediately withdrew, changed her dress as speedily as possible, and in a short time returned to the parlour in her common apparel.

Swift saluted her in the most friendly manner, taking her by the hand, and saying, "I am heartily glad to see you Mrs. Reilly, this husband of your's would fain have palmed a fine lady upon me, all dressed out in silks, and in the pink of the mode, for his wife, but I was not to be taken in so."

He then laid hold of young master's fine laced hat, ripped off the lace with his penknife, and folding it up in several papers thrust it into the fire. When it was sufficiently burned, he wrapt it up in fresh paper, and put it in his pocket.

The family, as may be supposed, were put into no small confusion at this strange proceeding; but they dared not shew that that they took umbrage at it, as the presence of Swift struck every one with awe, who were not well acquainted with him. He soon, however, resumed his good humour, and entertained them with many pleasantries to their taste, for no man knew better than he how to adapt his conversation to all classes of people with whom he conversed. They soon recovered their spirits, and spent the remainder of the day very chearfully When he was taking his leave, he said, "I do not intend to rob you Mrs. Reilly, I shall take nothing belonging to you away with me, there is your son's hat-lace, I have only changed the form of it, to a much better one. So God bless you, and thank you for your good entertainment." When he was gone, Mrs. Reilly (upon opening the paper) found four guineas enclosed in it, together with the burnt lace. While he stayed

in the country he kept an eye upon them, and found his lessons had not been thrown away, as they were cured of their vanities, and lived in a way more becoming their situation in life.

In consequence of which, one of the first things he did on his return to Dublin, was to pay a visit to Lord Fingal, and engage him to renew Reilly's lease.

ANECDOTE OF SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

When Sir Robert began to manifest symptoms of a declining power, the first of his old friends who began to shrink from him, were the bishops.

Having, however, a question to carry in the house of lords, to the success of which episcopal votes were essentially necessary; he applied to his firm and faithful friend the Archbishop of York, to assist him in procuring the support of the right reverend bench. The prelate shook his head, when the minister urged the necessity of personal application. "My good friend," said he,

"there is but one way to proceed with my right reverend brethren, and you may be sure I will put that in practice. Trouble yourself no further about the matter, and be as secure of their votes, as if they had already given them."

The minister went away perfectly satisfied, and the archbishop took immediately to his bed, ordered the knocker to be tied up, the street to be covered with straw, and desired his confidential physician to convey by shrugs of his shoulder, and shakes of his head, that he was in great danger.

The sickness of the archbishop was soon known; the archiepiscopal mitre danced before the right reverend bench: the bishops returned to ministerial duty, Sir Robert Walpole gained his point, and the sick archbishop, on being informed of his success, immediately quitted his bed, in order to dine with the minister, and to laugh in their sleeves at the trick they had put upon *lawn* sleeves.

ANECDOTE.

The Bishop of Warma, one of the wealthiest prelates in Poland, who had just lost two-thirds of his revenue by the arrangements which the late King of Prussia had made in seizing on his temporalities at the time the famous Partition Treaty took place, being one day at the King's levee, the Monarch jocosely addressed him in these words, "I don't imagine you love me much my lord." The bishop obsequiously answered, "It was his duty to obey the commands of King's, especially conquerors." "Nevertheless," continued his Majesty, "I hope I shall effect my salvation in *my* religion as *you in your's*: yet if St. Peter should refuse to open the gates of Heaven to me, I would knock gently and ask for your lordship, when I trust you would conceal me under your mantle, and convey me *in* unperceived." "This, Sire," retorted the prelate, "could not be done; for your Majesty has cut *that*

very cloak so short, that it can no longer serve me for the purpose of smugling."

IMPROMPTU ON THE DEATH OF MR. MORT.

Death's dead at last—*now* is our time or never,
Death being dead, we shall all live for ever
Says one—" you're very witty in your rhime,
But he has left a substitute—*'tis Time.*"
Indeed, is't so?—let us our glasses fill,
Drinking's the only way, Old Time to kill.

ON GENTLENESS.

You say a gentle manner adds,
New charms to woman kind—
'Tis true, but then it must arise
From gentleness of mind.

Tell me, does yon affected she
Superior mildness shew,
Because she pours her voice in sounds
Ridiculously low.

Say, does she charm because her face
In simp'ring smiles is dress'd;
Or when her florid nonsense flows,
With needless pity grac'd?

The piercing eye of judgment sees
Th' ideas as they rise;
Nor can hypocrisy's poor arts
Deceive the truly wise.

Then vainly think not to attempt
The mild and gentle part,
Unless those requisites be thine,
That form the gentle heart.

Canst thou, with equal temper bear
The tongue that shall reprove,
And treat with smiles th' advice that flows
From honesty and love?

Canst thou the failings of thy friend
With patient virtue bear,
And does the least ungentle word
Seem discord to thine ear?

Hast thou no fondness for controul,
No wish but what can wait,
And art thou free from the mean pride
Of shining in debate?—

Then, then, shall simple nature give
A manner more refined,
And each expressive look shall speak
The mildness of thy mind.

But least the Muse too meanly paint
The charms that most shall please,
From real life the lesson take,
And be what *Mira* is.

LINES ADDRESSED BY MR. POPE TO THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBURY.

Did Celia's person and her sense agree,
What mortal could behold her and be free;
But nature has in pity to mankind,
Enrich'd the image, but defaced the mind.

THE DUCHESS' ANSWER.

Had Pope a person equal to his mind,
How fatal would it be to woman kind;
But nature, who does all things well ordain,
Deform'd the body, but enrich'd the brain.

ANECDOTE OF KING GEORGE THE SECOND.

His Majesty King George II. possessed many virtues; he was steady, sincere, and consistent; he valued himself greatly on his royal word, nor could he be prevailed upon to retract a promise when he had once made it, by all the artifices of intriguing ministers (for favourites he had none). He had also the magnanimity to speak well of those who opposed the measures of his government, provided he was

well assured they acted from principle. A remarkable instance of this occurred on the death of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn. The Duke of N——, as soon as he heard the news of Sir Watkin being killed by a fall fom his horse, went exulting with joy to the King's closet, to inform him of the event. His Majesty, unlike his minister, felt no satisfaction on the melancholy occasion, but nobly said, "I am sorry for it; *he was a worthy man, and an open enemy.*"

ANECDOTE OF SIR W. HUDDLESTON.

Perhaps history does not afford a nobler instance of fidelity and loyalty in a subject to his Sovereign, than that of Sir William Huddleston, of Millvain Castle, in Northumberland, who in the rebellion against King Charles I. raised a regiment of horse at his own charge to serve his Majesty, and had seven sons in it, for which, afterwards when the Parliament had the government, he paid £2248, besides the losses

he had sustained before of thirty thousand pounds.

Five of these young gentlemen were slain the same day, at the fatal battle of Naseby, June 14, 1645 : and it is rather singular that an ancestor of this same Sir William, a Lord of Millain, in Cumberland, was one of the barons who compelled King John to sign Magna Charta at Runnemede, in the year 1215.

CURIOUS ANECDOTE OF RUTHVEN HOUSE.

The ancient house of Ruthven, in the Highlands of Scotland, once the seat of the unfortunate Gowries, consists of two square towers, built at different times, and distinct from each other, but now joined by buildings of later date; the top of one of the towers is called the *Maiden's Leap*, receiving its name from the following extraordinary fact:—A daughter of the first Gowrie was addressed by a young gentleman of inferior rank in the neighbourhood,

a frequent visitor of the family, who would never give the least countenance to his passion. *His* lodging was in the tower, separated from that of his mistress. The lady, before the doors were shut, conveyed herself into her lover's apartment. A prying duenna acquainted the countess, who cutting off, as she thought, all possibility of retreat, hastened to surprise them. The young lady's ears were quick, she heard the footsteps of the old countess, ran to the top of the leads, and took the desperate leap of *nine feet four inches* over a chasm of *sixty feet*, and luckily alighting on the battlement of the other tower, crept into her own bed, where the astonished mother found her, and of course apologized for the unjust suspicion. The fair daughter did not choose to repeat the leap, but the next night eloped, and was married.

Epitaph on Lady MARY DASHWOOD, *who died August* 19, 1710, *and lies buried at West Wycomb, in the Church upon the Hill, where the following Inscription does honour to her Memory :—*

Here rests in hope
of a glorious resurrection of the just,
the Right Honorable the Lady MARY DASHWOOD,
eldest daughter
to the Right Honorable Vere Fane,
Earl of Westmorland,
and wife to Sir FRANCIS DASHWOOD, Knt. and Baronet.
A Lady, whose high birth
received a greater lustre from her eminent virtues, and
whose piety, humility, and prudence, made her
life and character truly noble, truly good.
She was
a most loving and obedient wife,
a tender and indulgent parent,
a careful and kind mistress to her family:
her diffuse charity made her a refuge for the poor;
and her devout life an illustrious example
to the best of her sex.
Hence learn,
to imitate her virtues, and
lament her loss.

ANECDOTE OF COLONEL O'KELLY.

As soon as fortune began to smile upon this son of Hibernia, he was visited by a good number of his relations, who resided in that kingdom. Those that he could not provide for were sure to be retained in his family. A nobleman who honoured the colonel one day with his company, was surprised to hear him call his cook by the familiar appellation of cousin, and a few minutes after the footman was addressed in the same manner:—"Why," said the haughty peer, "Mr. O'Kelly, I find that all your servants are your relations, what induces you to think of employing them in so mean a capacity? "My Lord," replied the other, "it is true they are all related to me, and I think it is better to employ my own relations as servants, than to employ your's as such."

ANECDOTE.

For *husbands* to advertise against giving credit to their wives, has been com-

mon; but for a man to caution the public against giving credit to *himself*, is an instance of whimsicality, the history of advertising curiosi ties cannot parallel. From a country paper, the following is literally transcribed :—"This is to give notice, that if any person, after this public notice trusts *me, Thomas Spencer*, above *One Shilling*, I am determined that I will never pay them, or cause them to be paid, for more than the above value.

THOMAS SPENCER,
Pensioner of Chelsea."

Jan. 15. 1788.

ANECDOTE OF A WELCH CURATE.

Among the various returns made to the house of commons, in compliance with Mr. Gilbert's bill, was one from a poor Welch curate, who, after delineating the distresses of his poor neighbours, adds, "but *their* distresses cannot be greater than mine own; I have a wife, who is far advanced in her pregnancy, and nine poor

children around me, for whom I could never yet procure either shoe or stocking, and it is with difficulty I can supply them with food. My income is thirty-five pounds per annum, and for this I do the duty of four parishes." This letter had a wonderful effect upon the whole committee.

Mr. Gilbert, with that benevolence which long characterised him, immediately transmitted to the poor curate, a bank-note for a temporary supply; the letter was shewn to their Majesties, and enquiry made, as to the moral character of the man, and soon after a comfortable provision was made for him and his family.

ANECDOTE OF THE EARL OF CRAWFORD.

This nobleman, so remarkable for his courage and thirst of glory, exhibited a very extraordinary instance of presence of mind, on the morning that preceded the battle of Rocoux, in the Netherlands, in October 1746.

He, and some volunteers, accompanied

by his aid-de-camp, and attended only by two orderly dragoons, had rode out before day to reconnoitre the situation of the enemy; in doing which, he fell in with one of their advanced guards; the earl first perceived them, and without betraying the least mark of disorder, rode up to the serjeant who commanded it, and assuming the character of a French general, told him in that language, (which he spoke fluently) that "there was no occasion to use the ceremony of turning out his guard." Then asked him, "if he had perceived any of the enemys' parties?" and being answered in the negative; "Very well," said he, "be upon your guard; and if you should be attacked, I will take care you shall be sustained."

So saying, he and his companions retired before the serjeant could recollect himself; in all probability, he was soon sensible of his mistake, for the incident was that very day mentioned in the French army. The Prince of Tingry, an officer

in the Austrian service, having been taken prisoner in the battle that ensued, dined with Marshal Count Saxe, who dismissed him on his parole, and desired he would charge himself with a facetious compliment to his old friend the Earl of Crawford.

He wished his lordship joy of being a *French general*, and said, "he could not help being displeased with the serjeant, as he had not procured him the honor of his lordship's company at dinner."

ANECDOTE.

When the Rev. John Clarke, late master of the charter-house in Hull, was Curate of St. Trinity there, four couple were married by him at the same time, and the following odd circumstance attended each, —With regard to the *first* couple, the bridegroom had forgotten to bring a ring, in consequence of which, he was obliged to borrow one. The bride of the *second*, had lost that finger upon which the ring is commonly put. A man violently shaking the

iron gates leading into the choir, said aloud, that "the *third bride* had already a husband:—and, with regard to the *fourth*, one of the bride's-maids begged for God's sake the parson would be quick, as the bride was in labour.

ANECDOTE.

The following is extracted from Cumberland's Anecdotes of painting in Spain, and may serve to convince us, by how weak a tenure the liberties of the subjects of a despotic government are held:—

"I had in my family at Madrid a young man of exemplary character, who lived with me in great trust and intimacy, and was a native of that city, universally known and respected in it. He had been my guest but one night, when, the next day, at the hour of dinner, the officers of justice entered my chamber, whilst a party of soldiers paraded at my gates, demanded the body of this unfortunate victim.

"It was in vain to ask to know the

charge, as it was impracicable to avoid, or resist it.

" After conditioning for the removal of the soldiers, and some promises of humanity on the part of the judge, I surrendered to that magistrate a young man, born of Irish parents, red haired, of a fair complexion, and without impediment in his gait or person. I mention these circumstances, because this officer and his alguazil were in search of his direct opposite, (viz.) of an old felon, an *Austrian*, *black* as a Gypsy, and lame in one of his feet, by a natural defect in its formation. In spite of the evidence of his own eyes, the judge committed my guest to prison *hand-cuffed*, and hauled between two fiend-alike Alguazils, in sight of an hundred spectators, who followed him through the streets, silently compassionating his ignominy and misfortune.

" The next day his books, papers, and effects were seized and rummaged, where fortunately they found no food for the

holy office, nor offence against the states.

"In the regular course of proceeding, he should have lain ten or twelve years, (if nature could have subsisted for that time,) before he would be allowed to see his judge; but at my intercession, he was speedily admitted to an examination; and I place it among the many marks of kindness, with which I was distinguished in that kingdom, that justice was made so to quicken his customary pace on my account.

"When he was brought before the judge, though every feature in his face, swore to the mistake of his commitment, the necessary forms of inquisition were not to be passed over, and he was called upon, to recollect all the passages of his life and conversation, and to guess the cause of his imprisonment. In perfect simplicity of heart, he exposed to his inquisitor, all his history and habits of life, with the whole of his correspondence and acquaintance, (as well as a disturbed imagination could bring

it to his recollection.) When this had passed, and happily nothing had dropped, on which his judge could fasten any new matter of crimination; he was coolly informed, he did not answer to the description of the felon they were in search of; and that he was at liberty to return to the place from whence he came.

"Mr. Cumberland afterwards conveyed the above person safely out of Spain."

Anecdotes of the Duke of Burgundy, Father to Louis XV.

The greatest fault of the Duke of Burgundy was *anger*, to which he was violently addicted; but the insinuating kindness and continued attention of Fenelon, greatly corrected this failing.

The Prince passing through some of the royal apartments, found a workman employed making alterations, and stopped to gratify his curiosity, by examining his tools. The man, who had already received his lesson from Fenelon, told him, without ceremony, to be gone about his business.

The Prince, little accustomed to such language, flew in a violent passion; but the workman raising his voice, exclaimed, like one frantic—"I tell your Highness to be gone, for when I am in a rage, I care not what mischief I do."

The Duke was terrified, and ran to his preceptor, (who was in the next apartment) to tell him "the man employed in the next room, was the most dangerous fellow he had ever met with." "He is a good workman, however," said Fenelon, "his only fault is, that he suffers himself to be hurried away by his passions."

"The Prince insisted, that he ought to be immediately dismissed." "For my part," said Fenelon, "I think him more deserving pity, than punishment. You call him a dangerous fellow, because he threatened one, that interrupted him in his business:—What then must you think of a Prince, who could beat his valet-de-chambre, at the time he was doing his utmost to serve him."

Another time, when the Duke had been in a violent passion, all his officers and domestics were directed to ask him, "if he did not find himself very ill?" They acted their part so well, that he suffered himself to be persuaded, that he really was so; Eagon, the physician, was therefore sent for, who gravely felt his pulse, and after seeming very thoughtful on the nature and causes of his disorder, thus addressed him: "If your Highness will confess the truth, I have no doubt, but you have suffered yourself to be over-powered by your passions". "You have guessed right," replied the Duke; "but is it possible, that can be the cause of illness?" The doctor then made a long enumeration of the tragical effects of *anger*, which he said, had sometimes been known, even to occasion sudden death. He then prescribed him a regimen for several days, and advised him, by way of preservation, whenever he felt the first emotions of passion to remain quiet, without speaking or moving, and not to suffer his thoughts to

dwell on what occasioned his *anger*. The Prince placed an unlimitted confidence in Fenelon; nothing can be a greater proof of this, than a confession he one day made to him, (certainly not very honourable to himself. "I am," said he, "ashamed of my own heart; I had determined within myself to learn nothing more, that the King might have a mean opinion of your abilities."

Anecdote of Count Tourville, Admiral of France, in 1692.

Previous to the battle of La Hogue, Tourville having learned that the Dutch fleet had joined the English, was desirous of waiting at Brest for a reinforcement; but the French minister, *Pont Chartrain*, wrote him the following letter:—

"It is not for *you* to *discuss* the King's orders, but to *obey* them, and enter the channel. Let me know, whether you chuse to do it; if not, the King will send some person in your room, that is more obedient,

and less circumspect." Tourville, filled with indignation at this letter, immediately assembled his captains, and read it to them; after which he added: "The business is not now to *deliberate*, but to *act*:—if they accuse us of circumspection, at least, let them not tax us with cowardice." When Louis XIV. heard of the loss of part of his fleet, he said, "Is Tourville safe? we may easily get other ships; but where shall we repair the loss of such an officer as he?" Seeing him pass some time after in the gallery at Versailles, he exclaimed;—"There goes the man, that obeyed me at La Hogue."

CURIOUS EPISCOPAL ANECDOTE.

Doctor William Lyons, who was preferred to the bishopric of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross, towards the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, was originally a captain in the navy, and who had distinguished himself gallantly in several actions with the Spaniards; that on being introduced to the

Queen, she told him, " *He should have the first vacancy that offered.*"

The honest captain, who understood the Queen *literally*, soon after, hearing of a vacancy in the see of Cork, immediately set out for court, and claimed the royal promise. The Queen, astonished at the request for a time, remonstrated against the impropriety of it, and what she could never think of, as an office suitable for him." It was, however, in vain, he said, " the Royal word was passed; and he relied on it." Her Majesty then said, " she would take a few days to consider of it." When examining into his character, and finding him a sober, *moral man*, as well as an intrepid commander, she sent for Lyons, and gave him the bishopric, saying, at the same time, " She hoped he would take as good care of the *church*, as he had done of the *state*." Lyons immediately set out for his bishopric, which he enjoyed for above twenty years, with great reputation to himself; but never attempted to preach but once, and that was on the death of the Queen.

On that melancholy occasion, he thought it his duty to pay the last honours to his Royal Mistress; and accordingly mounted the pulpit, in christ-church, in the city of Cork, when, after giving a good discourse on the uncertainty of life, and the great and amiable qualities of the Queen, he concluded in the following warm, but whimsical manner:

"Let those who feel this loss, deplore with me on the melancholy occasion; but if there be any that hear me, that have secretly wished for this melancholy event, (as perhaps there may,) they have now got their wish; and the D—l do them good with it." This is given on good traditional authority; the bishop's name, and the day of his appointment in 1583, are on record, at the consistorial court of Cork, and his picture, in his captain's uniform, (the left hand wanting a finger,) is still to be seen at the bishop's palace, at Cork.

Humourous Account of Newspapers, from Joinerianna.

Newspapers, at this period, may be considered in a *threefold* light: Vehicles of fo-

reign and domestic intelligence; as an object of trade and manufacture; and as the means of raising vast sums to government, by one of the most enormous taxes, (without being grievous) that ever was laid upon a people. Scarcely any are dissatisfied; nor can be said, to groan under this weighty impost; so that at first sight, it appears to be none; on the contrary, the public are thereby receiving a particular gratification, consonant to modern ideas of liberty, and are so far from murmuring that every one pays it with the utmost pleasure.—'Tis the price of the thing, and not at all extravagant, when we come to consider the quantity, as well as the quality. Those who are (agreeable to the practice of their profession) obliged to procure the earliest intelligence for their guests and customers, profit by the expence they are at. Town and country, are daily furnished with an amazing variety of new and extraordinary matter.

Students of every class, may now burn their books, like so much useless lumber,

and circumscribe their studies hereafter to the news-paper productions of the press: they will therein find employment, and instruction, sufficient for all the purposes of social and civil life. The common people, of late years, are become so wonderfully learned amongst us, by the vast encrease of Diurnals, and Nocturnals, Gazettes, and Gazetteers, Papers, and Packets, Journals, and Ledgers, Mercuries, and Flying-Posts; that you will scarcely find the meanest peasant, or sootiest chimney-sweeper, so unlettered, as not to be able to spell a news-paper. A great number of hands, who would otherwise be idle, and, many of them, useless to society, are now fully employed, and may truly be said, to have their hands full.

Rag-Merchants, Paper-Makers, Stationers, Stampers, Paragraph-Mongers, Printers, Hawkers, &c. &c. &c.

Authors, innumerable, are fed by those channels of light amusement, and profound speculation. Adepts in all sciences. Di-

vines in masquerade. *Anonymi anonymorum* —an endless train.

Tippling-philosophers, potvaliant-free-thinkers, who arraign all order, and labour to make the sober part of mankind, as enlightened in the important points of *liberty*, as they themselves are—when in their cups.

Certainly, newspapers, by this time, ought to be reckoned among the staple commodities of this country. What an advantage to the community!—What a benefit to the state! and procured at so easy a rate, as *distracting the heads of the whole nation*.

LINES ON SIR GEORGE SAVILLE.

He, who by rules of moral justice moves,
His God, his neighbour, King, and country loves;
Honour his guide, his conscience ever clear,
And to distress, still bends a lenient ear;
Tho' rocks should rend, and thunders round him roll,
And forked light'nings blaze from pole to pole;
Unmov'd he sees conflicting meteors fly,
And looks undaunted on the raging sky.

Memoirs of Sir William Davenant, Poet-Laureat, to King Charles the First.

To this gentleman, whose variegated life we are about to relate, the English stage, perhaps, stands more indebted, than to any other writer of this nation, with respect to the refinement of poetry, and his zealous application, to the promoting and contributing towards those rational pleasures, which are the fittest for the entertainment of a civilized people.—And the greater should his merit be esteemed in this particular, since not only the important affairs of the state, whose necessities demanded his assistance, and of which, he was no inactive member, at a period of great confusion and perplexity, but even confinement, and the prospect of death itself, were insufficient to abate his ardour, or lessen his diligence in the cause of his darling mistresses, *the Muses:* for it is recorded of him, that when he was a prisoner in Cowes castle, and on a pretty near certainty, (according to his own ex-

pression,) of being hanged within a week. He still pursued the composition of his celebrated poem of *Gondibert*; and even was master enough of his temper and abilities, to write a letter to his friend Hobbes, giving some account of the progress he had made in it; and offering some criticisms on the nature of that kind of poetry.

Our author, was younger son of Mr. John D'Avenant, who was a citizen of Oxford, being a very substantial vintner, and keeping a large tavern, afterwards known by the name of the crown, in that city, where, in 1621, he attained to the honour of being elected mayor. *This son* was born at Oxford, in February, 1605; and very early in life, gave tokens of a lively and promising genius. He received the rudiments of grammatical learning from Mr. Edward Sylvester, who kept a school in the parish of All-Saints, Oxford; and in the year 1621, being that of his father's mayoralty, he was entered a member of Lincoln-College, in that university, in order to complete his academical studies,

under Mr. Daniel Hough. *Here*, however, he took no degree; nor, according to Wood's opinion, made any long residence. That writer, absolutely informing us, (at the same time that he acknowledges the strength of his genius; and even distinguishes him by the title of Sweet Swan of Isis,) that he was, nevertheless, considerably deficient in university learning. On his quitting the university, he became one in the retinue of the magnificently disposed Frances Duchess of Richmond, out of whose family he removed, into that of the celebrated Sir Folke Greville, Lord Brook:—but after the unhappy death of that nobleman, in 1628, being then left without a patron, although not in distressed circumstances, it is probable, that views of profit, as well as amusement, might induce him to an exertion of his genius, as he, in the ensuing year, produced his first play called, Albovine, King of the Lombards, which met with great success. For the eight succeeding years, he passed his time in the service of the Muses, and a

constant attendance at court, where he was much caressed by all the great wits; among whom, we find him in the closest intimacy with the Earl of Dorset, Lord Treasurer Weston, and the accomplished Endymion Porter.

In consequence of this extensive personal interest, and the peculiar patronage of the Queen, he was, in the year 1637, promoted to the Laureat, which was vacant by the death of Ben Johnson, and for which Thomas May stood as his competitor. In the life of that poet, the reader will find related the resentment he shewed on the loss of this election; and it will equally appear in the course of this gentleman's history, with what ardent gratitude and unshaken zeal for the cause of the Royal Family, he repaid this mark of their esteem for him; for as soon as the civil war broke out, he demonstrated his loyalty to the King, not only in word but action.

In May 1641, he was accused by the parliament of being concerned in a design

to seduce the army from their adherence to the parliamentary authority, and a proclamation being issued for the apprehending him, and others engaged in that design, he was stopped at Feversham, sent up to London, and put under the custody of a sergeant at arms. From hence, in the month of July following, he was bailed, and soon after found it necessary to withdraw to France. In this attempt to fly, however, he was not much more successful than in the former, reaching no farther than Canterbury before he was again seized, and obliged to undergo a very strict examination. Whether he was put into confinement on this occasion, or suffered to proceed on his journey, is a point that his biographers have not explained; but it was not very long, we find, before he joined the Queen in France, where he staid some time, till accompanying some military stores, which that Princess sent over for the use of the Earl of Newcastle, he was entertained by his lordship, who had been

his old friend and patron in the station of lieutenant-general of the Ordnance.

In his military capacity he appears to have behaved well, for at the siege of Gloucester in 1643, he received the honour of knighthood from the King, as an acknowledgment of his bravery and signal services; but, on the declining of the King's affairs, so far as to be beyond retrieving, Sir William once more returned to France, where he changed his religion for that of the church of Rome, and remained for a considerable time with the Queen and Prince of Wales. By them he was held in high esteem, and appears to have been entrusted with some important negociation in 1646, and particularly employed by the Queen in an attempt, though an unsuccessful one, to prevail on King Charles I. to comply with some temporising steps which she considered as necessary to his interests. In 1650 an ingenious project having been formed for sending a select number of ar-

tificers (particularly weavers) from France to Virginia, for the improvement of that colony, our author (encouraged to it, by the Queen Mother) undertook the conduct of this expedition, and absolutely embarked in the prosecution of it, from one of the ports of Normandy; but fortune not being inclined to favour him, the vessel had scarcely got clear of the French coast before she fell in with, and was taken by a ship of war belonging to the parliament, which carried her into the Isle of Wight. Sir W. Davenant on this occasion was confined for some time close prisoner in Cowes Castle, and in the ensuing year was sent up to the Tower of London, in order to take his trial before the high court of justice.

During his confinement his life was for a long time kept in the utmost suspense and danger, yet what is very remarkable, it had so little effect on his natural vivacity and easiness of disposition, that he still, with great assiduity, pursued his poem of

Gondebert, two books of which he had written whilst in France

By what means he escaped this impending storm is not related: some have attributed it to the intervention of two aldermen of York, to whom he had shewn some civilities, when they had been taken prisoners in the north by the earl of Newcastle's forces; and others ascribe his safety to the mediation of Milton. Though the former of these particulars may have some foundation, and might be a concurrent circumstance in his preservation, yet the latter is most likely to have been the principal instrument in it, as that immortal bard was a man whose interest was most potent at that time, and it is reasonable to suppose a sympathetic regard for a person of Sir William's poetical abilities, must have pleaded strongly in his favour, with so humane a man as Milton, and point out to him, that true honour ought to be considered of *no* party, but claims the protection of *all*, and what seems to confirm

this is, that we find ten years afterwards, when the latter was exactly in the same predicament, he stood indebted for the same protection from Sir William; to whom therefore mankind ought to consider themselves as under double obligations, since, but for his intercession for the life of Milton, it is more than probable the world would never have known the finest piece of poetry in it. Be this however as it will, he was at length admitted to his liberty as a prisoner at large, yet his circumstances being now considerably reduced, he made a bold effort towards at once redressing them, and redeeming the public from that cynical and austere gloom which had long hung over it, occasioned by the suppression of theatrical amusements. He well knew that a theatre, if conducted with skill and address, would still find a sufficient number of partisans to support it; and having obtained the countenance of Lord Whitelock, Sir Joseph Maynard and some other persons of

high rank, who were in reality no friends to the cant and hypocrisy which then so strongly prevailed, he got permission to open a sort of theatre at Rutland House, in Charter-house Yard, where he began with a representation, which he called an *Opera*, but which in fact was quite a different thing. Thus meeting with encouragement, he still proceeded, till at length growing bolder by success, he wrote and caused to be acted several regular plays, which by the great profits arising from them, perfectly answered the more important part of his design, that of amending his fortune. Immediately after the restoration of King Charles II. which brought with it that of the British stage in a state of unrestrained liberty, Sir William obtained a patent for the representation of dramatic pieces, under the title of the Duke's Theatre, Lincoln's-inn Fields.

The first opening of this theatre, was with a new play of his own, entitled the siege of Rhodes, in which he introduced

a great variety of fine scenery and beautiful machinery; and here it is necessary to observe, that Sir Wm. was the first person to whom the English stage was indebted for these decorations, the idea of which he brought over from the theatres in France; his long residence in which country had greatly improved his taste, and induced him to endeavour at a greater regularity in the conduct, and correctness in the language of his pieces, than the manner of the dramatic writers of his own country had hitherto attained; nor could he, among other improvements, omit those of decoration and scenery so necessary for heightening deception, on which so great a part of our pleasure in this kind of entertainments constantly depends, in which we now even greatly exceed our neighbours; but which, at that time, the English stage was barbarously deficient in: for, although it is true, that in the reign of Charles I. we read of many dramatic entertainments, which were accompanied with very rich scenery, curi-

ous machines, and other elegant embellishments, the greatest part of them, were conducted by that great architect, Inigo Jones; yet, these were employed only in the masques and plays, represented at Court, and were much too expensive for the little theatres, in which plays were then acted for hire; these theatres were so numerous, and the prices so extremely low, that they could afford no other decorations to assist the actor's performance than bare walls, coarsely matted, or covered with tapestry, and nothing more than a blanket, or a piece of coarse cloth for a curtain. In this situation, they were in Shakespeare's time, who, in some of his chorusses, seems to have had an apparent reference to it; and not much better does it appear to have been at any peirod, before the restoration; at which time, taste and luxury, genius and gallantry, elegance and licentiousness, seem to have made a mingled entry into these kingdoms, under the auspices of a witty, merry, and mischievous Monarch. Sir

William continued at the head of his company, which he afterwards removed to a larger and more magnificent Theatre, in Dorset-Gardens, till the time of his death, which happened on the 17th of April, 1668, in the 64th year of his age; and in two days afterwards, was interred in Westminster-Abbey, very near his rival, for the laureat, Mr. Thomas May, leaving his son, Doctor Charles Davenant, (his successor,) in the management of the theatre.—On his grave-stone is inscribed the following words:—

"O rare Sir William Davenant."

Thus, after passing through many storms of difficulty and adversity, he at length spent the evening of his days in serenity—While living, he had the happiness of being universally beloved; and at his death, as universally lamented.

As a man, his character was in every respect perfectly amiable; honour, courage, gratitude, integrity, genius, and vivacity,

being the predominant features of his mind: and all historians allow, that he was possessed of an agreeable person, and handsome face.

As a poet Sir William's rank seems undetermined: his celebrated epic of *Gondebert* was rendered, at the same time, the subject of high commendation, and severe criticism, though *Envy* appears to have had a much greater share in the latter, than *Justice*; for though the story of it may not be so interesting as those of the Iliad and Æneid, and that the fetters of rhime, and still more so, those of stanza poetry, lay it under very great restraints; yet, it must be acknowledged, (even by its strongest opponents) that there seems, through the whole of it, a sublimity in the sentiments, a nobleness in the manners, a purity in the diction, and a luxuriance in the conception, that would have done honour to any writer of any age, or country whatsoever. But to cease any farther eulogium on this poem, we shall, in Mr. Dryden's words,

close the present account of Sir William Davenant, and his abilities—" I found him, (says that author in his preface to the Tempest,) " of so quick a fancy, that nothing was proposed to him, that he could not produce a thought, extremely pleasant and surprising, and those first thoughts of his, contrary to the old Latin proverb,) were not always the least happy; and, as his fancy was quick, so likewise were the products of it, remote, and new—He borrowed not of any other; and his imaginations were such, as could not easily enter into the mind of any other man.

" His corrections were sober, and judicious; and he corrected his own writings, much more severely, than those of any other man, bestowing twice the labour and pains in polishing, which he used in invention."

Remarkable Dreams of an Italian Musician.

Tartine, a celebrated musician, dreamed one night, that he had made a compact

with the devil, who promised to be at his service on all occasions; and, during this vision, every thing succeeded to his mind.—His wishes were prevented, and his desires fulfilled, by the assistance of his new servant:—at last, he imagined, he gave the devil his violin, in order to discover what sort of a musician he was, when, to his great astonishment, he heard him play a solo, so singularly beautiful, and which he executed with such superior taste and precision, that it surpassed all the music, he had ever heard or conceived in his life. So great was his surprise, and so exquisite his delight upon this occasion, that it deprived him of the power of breathing; he awoke with the violence of his sensations, and instantly siezed his fiddle, in hopes of expressing what he had just heard; but, in vain, he however, composed a piece, which is the best of all his works; and which he called "*The Devil's Sonata*;" but it was so far inferior to what his sleep had produced, that he declared, "he would have

broke his instrument, and abandoned music for ever, if he could have found any other means of subsistence."

IMITATED FROM THE GREEK.

Cumberland.

Three cups of wine, a prudent man may take,
The first of these, for constitution's sake;
The second, to the girl he loves the best;
The third, and last, to lull him to his rest;
Then, home to bed—but, if a fourth he pours,
That, is the cup of folly, and not ours:
Loud, noisy talking, on the fifth attends;
The sixth, breeds feuds, and falling out of friends.
Seventh, begets blows, and faces stain'd with gore.
Eighth, and the watch-patrole breaks ope the door.
Mad with the ninth, another cup goes round,
And the swill'd sot, drops senseless on the ground.

ANECDOTE.

Pigalle, the celebrated artist, who had laid by twelve louis'dors, for his journey from Lyons to Paris; seeing one day a man, walking with visible marks of deep-felt sorrow in his countenance, boldly accosted him, and asked him "if he could any way relieve him." "Ah, Sir!" exclaimed the stranger, "for

want of ten louis'dors, I must be dragged this evening to a dungeon, and be separated from a tender and affectionate wife, and a numerous family."—"Is that all?" replied the humane artist; "Come along with me, I have twelve of them in my trunk, and they are all at your service."—"What a delicious supper," said Pigalle, the next day to a friend who met him, and asked him—"if it were true, that he was the person who had relieved the distresses of a poor man, as was publicly reported at Lyons?" "Ah! *mon ami*, What a delicious supper did I make last night upon bread and cheese, with a family, who blessed me at every mouthful they ate, which was moistened by the tears of gratitude."

ANECDOTE.

In the rebellion, 1745, Mr. Thornton, (a Yorkshire gentleman,) raised at his own expence a body of horse, and although but newly married to a beautiful young wo

man, headed it, and joined the king's army. After the battle of Culloden, he and his wife went to court, where being seen by the king, who had noticed Mrs. Thornton, was then accosted by the Monarch.

"Mr. Thornton," said his Majesty, "I have been told of the services you have rendered your country, and of your attachment to me and my family, and have held myself obliged to you for both; but I was never able to estimate the degree of the obligation till now, that I see the lady whom you left behind you."

Verses by Doctor Ekin, to the Rev. Mr. Stephenson, on the Family of his Predecessor, removing from Barton.

"Your *happier* friends, on Barton's peaceful seat,
With sweet contentment, fix your calm retreat;
In the late pastor's honour'd steps you tread,
And lead the flock, which once my father led;
While *we*, forsaken of our native plain,
One aged parent's feeble steps sustain.
Content, tho' sad, if yet, our pious care,
May sooth her anguish and her loss repair.

Farewel! lov'd plains, where first our childhood stray'd,
Dear scenes, once dear, by fond reflection made—
Farewel!—in vain, your verdant landscapes rise;
Fair lawns, in vain, salute our parting eyes:
Set is that sun, whose all-enliv'ning ray,
Improv'd our views, and gilt each smiling day.
Taste, then my friend, what joy those scenes afford,
Peace guide thy steps, and plenty crown thy board.
What! tho' with pain, I fly my natal home,
My soul repines not, at thy happier doom;
And tho' the tear of genuine grief will flow,
Regret, NOT ENVY, points the sting of woe.
Would'st thou the path of virtuous fame pursue,
Still keep my Sire's example in thy view;
Still open wide the hospitable door,
To a meek, honest, and a grateful poor:
Spread true religion's pure unsully'd beam,
Thyself the bright example of thy theme;
Cherish the seeds, a pious hand hath sown,
And make my father's blessing all thine own;
When thou at length, his portion must resign,
When, what was his, must be no longer thine;
May'st thou, like him, life's last sad load sustain,
With mind unshaken, in the hour of pain:
Death's call like him, undaunted may'st thou hear,
And want no son to mourn thy sacred bier."

ANECDOTE OF DOCTOR ROCK.

He was one day standing at his door on Ludgate-Hill, when a regular bred physi-

dan passed, who had learning and abilities, but not the success in his practice which he deserved.—"How comes it," (says he to the quack) "that *you*, without education, skill, or the least knowledge of the science, are enabled to live in the style you do? you keep your town-house, your carriage, and your country-house; whilst *I*, allowed to possess some knowledge, have neither, and can scarcely pick up a subsistence." "Why, look you," said Rock, smiling, "How many people do you think have passed us, since you asked me the question?" "Why," answered the doctor, "perhaps, a hundred." "And how many out of that hundred think you, possess common sense?"—"Possibly, *one*," answered the doctor. "Then," said Rock, "that one comes to *you*, and I take care to get the other ninety-nine.

ANECDOTE OF DOCTOR JOHNSON.

The animosity, which Dr. Johnson discovered on all occasions against Mr. Wilkes,

is generally known:—He used frequently to declare, "that no inducement should prevail on him to remain in his company." Nevertheless, through an innocent, and ingenious stratagem of Mr. Boswell's, they did once meet at dinner with Dilly, in the Poultry.

It was soon after a general election. The doctor was sullen and silent; Wilkes, never disconcerted, was aware, that there was one subject, upon which the doctor and himself, were entirely of one mind; their common hatred of the Scotch:—"Doctor," said the chamberlain, "I think the contested elections for Scotland, should be settled on the other side the Tweed; for, of two, who come to London to give their evidence, never more than one finds his way back again." "Sir," said the Doctor, "it matters very little where their elections are settled, for one Scotchman is as good as another." The Doctor, however, began to listen to the chamberlain's facetiousness, in which quality no man

could excel him, and gradually relaxed his severity of manner, till he became excellent company.

Epitaph, found in the Repository of Dr. Miles Cooper, of Edinburgh

Here lies a Priest of English blood,
Who *living*, lik'd whate'er was good:
Good company, good wine, good name,
Yet never hunted after Fame:
But, as the *first*, he still preferr'd,
So here he chose to be interr'd;
And unobserv'd, from crowds withdrew,
To rest among a chosen few;
In humble hope, that sov'reign love,
Will raise him to the blest above.

ANECDOTE OF POPE.

During Mr. Pope's last illness, a dispute happened in his chamber, between his two physicians, Doctor Burton, and Dr. Thompson.—Dr. Burton charging Dr. Thompson with hastening his death, by the violent medicines he had prescribed; and the other, retorting the charge. Mr. Pope, at length, silenced them, saying, "Gentle-

men, I only learn by your discourse, that I am in a very dangerous way; therefore, all I have now to ask, is, that the following epigram, may be added, after my death, to the next edition of the Dunciad, by way of postscript:—

"Dunces, rejoice, forgive all censures past,
The greatest Dunce, has kill'd your Foe at last."

ANECDOTE OF SWIFT.

The scribelarus club; consisting of Pope, Arbuthnot, Swift, Gay, Parnal, &c. when the members were in town, were seldom asunder; and they often made excursions together into the country, and generally on foot. Swift was usually the butt of the company; and if a trick was played, he was generally the sufferer. The whole party once agreed, to walk down to the house of Lord B. about twelve miles from town. As every one agreed to make the best of his way, Swift, (who was remarkable for walking,) soon left all the rest behind him, fully resolved upon his arrival,

to choose the best bed for himself; for that was his custom. In the mean time, Parnel, was determined to prevent his intentions, and taking horse, arrived at his lordship's gate, long before him. Having apprised Lord B. of Swift's design, it was resolved, at any rate, to keep him out of the house; but how to effect this, was the question: Swift had never had the small-pox, and was very much afraid of taking it. As soon therefore as he appeared, striding along at some distance from the house, one of his lordship's servants was dispatched to inform him, that the small-pox, was then making very great ravages in the family; but that there was a summer-house, with a field-bed, at his service, at the end of the garden—There, the disappointed dean was obliged to retire, and take a cold supper that was sent out to him, while the rest were feasting within. However, at last, they took compassion on him, and permitted him to make one of the company.

ANECDOTE.

Jaqueline, of Luxemburgh, Duchess of Bedford, after her first husband's death, married Sir Richard Woodville, and had several children; one of whom named Elizabeth, was a great beauty, and finely accomplished; she married Sir John Grey of Groby, but he being slain in the second battle at St. Alban's, fighting for the House of Lancaster, and his estate being confiscated, she retired to her father's seat, at Grafton, in Northamptonshire.

King Edward IV. came there to hunt, paid a visit to the Duchess of Bedford; and Elizabeth, resolved to embrace the opportunity of obtaining some favour of the King, threw herself at his feet, and implored a maintenance for herself, and children. The sight of so much beauty, in distress, the King could not withstand—he became deeply in love with her; and, after a short time, made offers to her of becoming his mistress; but not all the

promises and endearments of the King, were able to gain her consent. And she plainly told him, that though she was unworthy to be his wife, she thought herself too good to be his concubine, and that she was determined to remain in the humble situation, in which providence had placed her.

This opposition, encreased his passion, and heightened his esteem so much, that he offered to share his throne as well as his heart with her—and they were accordingly married.

ANECDOTE.

The Manor of Winchenden, (once the estate of the Duke of Wharton,) is situated in a very dirty part of the county of Buckingham, where the soil is a very stiff clay. Colly Cibber, in a visit to the duke at that place, and being in the coach with him, said, with his usual assurance :—"It is reported, that your grace has run out your estate; but, it is impossible, for you to run out of this?"

Genuine Anecdote, of an Ancestor of the Duke of Leeds.

Sir William Hewet, who was lord mayor of London, in the year 1559, was a merchant of great eminence in those days, and possessed of an estate, valued at £6000 a year; he had three sons, and one daughter, to whom the following accident happened:

Sir William's house being on London-Bridge, a female servant, playing with her out of a window over the river Thames, by chance dropped her in—almost beyond the probability of being saved. A young gentleman, named Osborne, an ancestor of the present Duke of Leeds, being then an apprentice to Sir William, seeing the calamitous situation of the child, nobly leaped in, and saved her life.

In gratitude for which, her father bestowed her afterwards, with a handsome fortune, on Mr. Osborne in marriage; and although she was then addressed by the Earl of

Shrewsbury, and several other noblemen would have been glad of the alliance, Sir William refused them all, and declared, as Osborne had so bravely saved her life, he alone should have her hand and fortune.

The picture of Sir William in the habit of mayor, was long preserved at the family seat of the Duke of Leeds, Kniveton Hall in Yorkshire, and highly valued. Mr. Osborne served as sheriff in the year 1573; was afterwards knighted, and was lord mayor of London in the year 1584.

Verses upon one Mr. Day, at the Sign of the Horse-shoe, who hid the Key under the Door, and out ran, or rather, ran out, his Landlord.

" Here night and day conspire, a coz'ning flight,
For Day, they say, is run away by night.
The Day is past—Why, landlord, where's your rent?
You might have seen the Day was almost spent;
Day, sold and pawn'd, and put off what he might,
Tho' it were ne'er so dark, *Day* would be light.
You had one Day a tenant, and would fain
Your eyes might *one* day see THAT Day again.

No, landlord, no, you now may truly say,
That to your cost too, you have lost a Day:
Day is departed, in a mist I fear,
For Day is broke, yet does not Day appear.
From sun to sun are the set times to pay,
For you should have been up by break of Day;
But if you had, you'd have got nothing by't,
For Day was cunning *and broke over night*;
His fiery prancers made the welkin roar,
One horse for haste has left a shoe at door,
Whose gilded nails do with such lustre shine,
He that comes next, will have it for a sign:
His pale face now does Day in owl-light shrowd,
Truth is, at present, Day's under a cloud.
Day, like a candle, is gone out—and where?
None knows, except to t'other hemisphere;
And yet, who trusted him for any sum,
Might have their money if the Day were come.
But Day is fled, and left our hopes in night,
Now cynic, now lanthorn, and candle light.
Then to the tavern let's away,
Cheer up your hearts, hang't, 'tis a broken Day;
And for your rent never thus rend your soul,
Ere long you'll see Day at a little hole;
Look at the Compter when you go that way,
Early enough and you'll see peep of Day.
But how now landlord, what's the matter pray?
What, can't you sleep, do you so long for Day?
Have you a mind, sir, to arrest the Day?
There's no such serjeant as a *Joshua*.

Put off your passions, true it is a sum,
But don't you know that a pay Day will come?
I'll warrant you, do you but banish sorrow,
My life, for your's, *Day comes again to-morrow.*

ANECDOTE OF BIAS.

When the city of Pria, the place of his nativity, was besieged, every one was eagerly employed in carrying off their most valuable effects.

As Bias was walking out of the city very composedly, and with empty hands, he was asked by his neighbours, why he neglected saving his effects?—"I carry them about me," replied he, signifying thereby, that *learning* and *virtue* were the only real and valuable possessions.

It was his custom to say, that "of all the accidents of life, the change of fortune was the most difficult to be supported; and, that those who had always been unfortunate, were not the most wretched."—We may here add, with the wise men of Lesbos, that the most unhappy of all men is he who fancies himself such.

Among savage beasts, the most to be feared is a tyrant; amongst domestic, is a *flatterer; hope* is the poppy which lulls the afflicted mind to repose; but ambition is an enemy which keeps us perpetually on the watch.

Bias died suddenly while pleading the cause of his friend, about six hundred and eight years before the birth of Chriſt.

ANECDOTE.

Many years since, towards the close of a certain enquiry in a great assembly, a near relation of the gentleman accused, waited upon one who was supposed to have had some share in conducting the proſecution, and putting a book into his hands, carefully sealed up, said, "*this, sir, is a scarce and valuable tract*, that may probably throw some light on my relation's case: As a man of honour, you are expected to peruse it, and I will attend you this time to-morrow for your answer."

The next day's interview was short but to the purpose: "Tell your friend, sir, that

the *solidity of his arguments*, has convinced me of *his* rectitude and *my own* error in judgment." The unique impression consisted only of thirty pages; but *each* of them was decorated with a *marginal bank note*—value £1000.

Epitaph of George Baker, Knight.

Here lies interred, George Baker, Knight, the father, (grandfather and great grandfather) of George Baker, Esq.; who, after he had done and suffered much for his king and country, in gallantly defending Newcastle againſt the rebellious Scots, at laſt submitted to an unequal fate, unworthy of his great deserts, the 14th of Auguſt, 1567: But God would not suffer such great virtue to lie concealed, for though he died obscurely, he was buried honourably, the whole of the militia and troops attending his funeral, as a memorable example of loyalty and bravery.

At last, having lain buried unobserved more than forty years, his nephew, Thomas Baker, batchelor of divinity, of

St. John's college, Cambridge, the heir, not more of his virtues than his misfortunes, pitying the unhappy fate of his grandfather, out of his great affection, caused this funeral monument to be erected in the year 1710.

CURIOUS ANECDOTE.

A Paris correspondant gives us the following account of one of the most ingenious stratagems played off at any time, by the light-fingered gentlemen of that, or any kingdom.

The last time the Queen of France visited the theatre in Paris, the wife of a financier, whose whole merit consisted in a heavy purse, and in an ostentatious display of eastern magnificence, set alone in a box opposite to that of her majesty. *Bourjoice* affected to make parade of a costly pair of bracelets, which, as the queen now and then cast her eyes upon her, she fondly supposed attracted the admiration of her sovereign. She was hugging herself in thoughts that exceedingly flattered her vanity, when a person, dressed

in the queen's livery, entered the box.—"Madam," said he to her, "you may have perceived how attentively the queen has surveyed those magnificent bracelets, which, though so precious and costly, still receive a greater lustre from the dazzling beauty of the arm that bears them I am commissioned by her to request you will lend me one of them, that her majesty may have a nearer view of the unparelleled jewel." Melted by the flattering compliment, and, as the sharpers trick would have it, the queen having kept her eyes during the time in a strait direction to her box, she did not hesitate, and delivered one of the bracelets. Alas, she soon repented her blind confidence, and heard nothing more of the bracelet until the next morning, when an exempt from the police begged to be admitted, chid her politely for trusting so valuable a trinket in the hands of a person who was a stranger; "But, madam," added he, "make yourself easy, the rogue is taken up, and here is a letter from the lieutenant de police, which will explain the whole." The

letter was indeed signed *de Crone*, and contained a request that the lady would repair, at twelve o'clock, to the office, and in the mean time deliver to the exempt, he sent, *the other bracelet*, that it might be compared with the first, then in his hand, that he might have sufficient proof to commit the sharper. So much attention from the chief magistrate, called up all her gratitude, which she expressed in the liveliest terms, bestowing the greatest praise on the watchfulness of the police, which was in no country so well administred as in Paris. In fine, after ordering up a dish of chocolate, for the exempt, she put the other bracelet in his hands, and they parted; but it was for ever. This pretended exempt, proving neither more nor less, than the *worthy associate of the queen's bold messenger.*

GOOD SIGNS AND TOKENS.

"Pray, sir, how do you find yourself?" says a doctor to his patient, "Why," says the patient, "I have had a most violent sweat."

"The very best sign in the world," quoth the doctor: "And how do you find your body?" "Why, I have had a most terrible fit of shaking;" "So much the better, it shews great strength of constitution: and pray how are your lower parts?" "Why, I am swelled as if I had the dropsy." "The best of all signs," said the doctor, and took his leave.

One of the sick man's friends came in soon after, and began the same string of questions, how he felt himself? &c.

"Why, I am so very well," replied the patient, "that I am almost ready to die, I have such a *vast many good signs and tokens.*"

CURIOUS OCCURRENCE.

Mrs. Joanna Pitt of St. Stephen's, near St. Albans, who died there the 20th of June, 1777, was the daughter of John Pitt, who was aid de camp to the great Duke of Marlborough; she bequeathed to her family, amongst other legacies, *a piece of gold*, of

which she left the following account in writing.

The small Danish piece of gold, mentioned in my will, which I desire may be kept in my family, was acquired as follows: "My father, John Pitt, was aid de camp to His Grace John Duke of Marlborough, at the siege of Doway; the army was very sickly, and duty being very hard upon the officers, they petitioned his grace that the aid de camps might do duty in the trenches—(an unprecedented request), however, his grace, being very humane, consented to it. It was soon my father's turn of duty.

"His grace's quarters were a large mansion. One day, it being rainy and dirty weather, my father went to receive his last orders; the post allotted to him was a very dangerous one, where none had escaped without loss of blood, limb, or life. As he was going, he espied in the yard, where hundreds had been before that morning, a small piece of gold with this motto, 'God will provide for you.'

"It pleased God that my father escaped, and lived to quit the army and retire with a comfortable fortune. When a villain, after that, stript him of all his money and estate, again, the same good God raised him up a friend in his Majesty King George the Second, to make him governor of Bermudas, preserved him by sea, and at that place above nine years, brought him safe home, and he lived in comfort to the eighty-ninth year of his age, after all hope was nearly vanished that he should escape. This prophetic piece being so amply fulfilled, makes me anxious to have it kept in my dear father's posterity, as a piece of great good fortune to whoever may have it.

"Joanna Pitt."

INVOCATION TO POVERTY.

By C. Fox.

Oh poverty! of pale consumptive hue,
If thou delight'st to haunt me still in view,
If still thy presence must my steps attend,
At least continue, as thou art, my friend;

When bad example bids me be unjust,
False to my word, or faithless to my trust,
Bid me the baneful error quickly see,
And shun the world, to find repose with thee:
When vice to wealth would turn my partial eye,
Or interest shut my ear, to sorrow's cry;
Or, courtiers' custom, would my reason bend,
My foe to flatter, or deceive a friend.
Oppose, kind poverty, thy temper'd shield,
And bear me off, unvanquish'd from the field.

If giddy fortune e'er returns again,
With all her idle, restless, wanton train,
Her magic glass should false ambition hold,
Or avarice bid me put my trust in gold;
To my relief, thou virtuous goddess haste,
And with thee bring thy daughters ever chaste,
Health, Liberty, and Wisdom, sisters bright,
Whose charms can make the worst condition light,
Beneath the hardest fate, the mind can cheer,
Can heal affliction, and disarm despair;
In chains, in torments, pleasure can bequeath,
And dress in smiles, the tyrant hour of death.

Anecdote of Henry IV. of France.

The city of Orleanes had a privilege, time immemorial, to send two deputies to congratulate each French King in his ascension to

the throne. At the audience the deputies were seated, and after finishing the congratulation, a cup of wine was administred to each of them, which they drank *sitting*, with the toast "Vive le Roy;" this custom of a citizen's sitting in the presence of Majesty appeared absurd to Henry, and he resolved to abolish it.

When the deputies came to congratulate him, he ordered every seat to be taken out of the audience room. The deputies did not find any seat; but etiquette did not permit them to ask for one. After the ceremony of congratulation was over, the cups of wine were administered to them to drink the toasts, (which was considered as the homage of the city) they looked around once more, and not finding any chairs brought in, they sat themselves down on the floor, gave their toast, and drank their wine *sitting* in the King's presence, according to ancient custom. "Ventre-saint gris!" cried Henry, (an expression that the prince always made use of when agreeably surprised), "It is a seat na-

ture furnished them with, and I could not withhold it from them."

ON ANCIENT ROME.

Translated from Petrarch.

"Here stood the august, and ancient seat of empire,
In war victorious, dreaded e'en in peace.
Here stood, alas! its place is only seen;
"And what was Rome;" lies buried in its ruins.
Those lofty structures, whose aspiring heads,
Tower'd up to Heaven, are levell'd with the earth,
O'ergrown with weeds, and trampled under foot.
Rome, which was once, the mistress of the world,
Yields to the tooth of all-devouring Time,
Which levels heights, and raises humble plains.
Rome, is no longer Rome—The fire and sword
Her grandeur have destroy'd, and laid in dust
The noblest works of Nature, and of Art,
And here, her scatter'd fragments lie interr'd.

INSTANCES OF SPANISH VANITY.

The grave and phlegmatic air of the Spaniard, is taken by strangers, for pride: but, it is not so always.—It must, however, be granted, that this nation is remarkable for a certain haughtiness, which may be attri-

buted to the extent of its conquests—to the grand ideas it entertains of its origin; and perhaps, to the majesty of its language. It is not only among people of condition, that Spanish pride is most apparent; a tradesman, and even one of the lowest class, a mean beggar retains, in the midst of wretchedness, a deportment and tone of confidence, which seem to raise him above his condition. Here, may be remembered, the answer of the beggar, at Madrid, to a passenger, who reproached him, with preferring laziness to useful labour. "It is money, and not advice that I ask you for," said the beggar, turning his back upon him, with all the gravity of a Castillian.

The French have endeavoured to ridicule the Spanish gravity, by this short story:—

A certain cavalier, as *noble* as the King, as *catholic* as the Pope, and as *poor* as Job, arrived in the night-time, at a village in France, where there was only one inn. As it was past midnight, he knocked for a

long time at the door, without being able to awake the landlord; but at last made him rise, by louder and more frequent rapping. "Who is there?" cried the landlord from a window. "It is" says the Spaniard, "Don Juan Pedro, Hernandez, Roderique-de-villa-nova Conde de Malazza, Cavalero de Santiago D'Alcantara."

The landlord answered him, immediately shutting the window....."Sir, I am very sorry, but we have not chambers enough, for lodging all those gentlemen."

It is usual to see, at Rome, a great multitude of poor from all countries, to whom soup is distributed at a certain hour, at the gate of the monasteries. A Castillian, newly arrived, and who was unacquainted with the time of the distribution, addressed himself to a poor French ecclesiastic, to be informed of it. But Spanish vanity, would not suffer him to ask in plain terms after the house, where the soup was given. This way of speaking, seemed to him too

mean; so that after studying a more elevated way of expressing himself, he asked the Frenchman, "Whether he had yet taken his chocolate?" "My chocolate," answered the ecclesiastic, "I live upon alms; and I now wait, until the soup is distributed at the Franciscan convent.' "You have not then been there yet?" said the Castillian. "No," replied the Frenchman; "but now the clock strikes, I'll go there directly." "Pray, conduct me thither," said the vain-glorious Spaniard, "you shall see Don Antonio Perez de Valcabia de Redia, de Mortalva de Bega, give there to posterity, an illustrious specimen of his humility." "Who are those people?" said the Frenchman. "'Tis I," replied the Castillian. "If it be so," replied the Frenchman, "say rather, an example of a good stomach."

BON MOT.

The following Bon Mot is related of Doctor S. Johnson: When he had writ-

ten four acts of his Irene, he read them to a gentleman, belonging to the ecclesiastical court of Litchfield, which is generally reckoned, as arbitrary a spiritual judicature, as any in the kingdom. The gentleman appeared greatly affected by the pathos of the piece; and was so particularly struck with the distress of the fourth act, that he asked the author, "How he could possibly heighten the catastrophe?" "Oh, that's easily done," replied the Doctor, "*I shall put my hero into your ecclesiastical court*, and then, I am sure, he must fill the utmost measure of human calamity."

ON DUELS.

The point of honour has been deem'd of use,
To teach good manners, and to curb abuse;
Admit it true, the consequence is clear,
Our polish'd manners, are a *masque* we wear,
And at the bottom barbarous and rude,
We are restrain'd, indeed, but not subdu'd:
The very remedy, however, sure,
Springs from the mischief it intends to cure,
And savage in its principle appears,
Tried, as it should be, by the fruit it bears.

'Tis hard, indeed, if nothing will defend,
Mankind from quarrels, but their fatal end,
That now and then a hero must decease,
That the surviving world may live in peace.
Perhaps, at last, close scrutiny may show,
The practice dastardly, and mean, and low,
That men engage in it, compell'd by force
And fear, not courage, to its proper source,
The fear of tyrant custom, and the fear,
Lest fops should censure it, and fools should sneer;
At least, to trample on our Maker's laws,
And hazard life, for any, or no cause,
To rush into a fix'd, eternal state,
Out of the very flames, of rage and hate;
Or, send another shiv'ring to the bar,
With all the guilt of such unnat'ral war;
Whatever *use* may urge, or honour plead,
On *Reason*'s verdict, is a madman's deed.
" Am I to set my Life upon a throw,
Because a bear is rude and surly?—No:
A moral, sensible, and well-bred man,
Will not affront me—*and no other can.*

A GOOD WOMAN'S HEART.

Her price is far above rubies:
In her eye is the lustre of Heav'n,
The law of kindness dwelleth on her tongue;
Her whole exterior, is stampt with the virtues of her life.

Her manners delineate her heart,
And her heart embraces ev'ry ingredient of true worth.

Virtue and truth;
Simplicity and piety;
Charity and benevolence;
Love and modesty;
Dignity, elegance, and delicacy;
Prudence and œconomy;
Affability and politeness;
Frankness and generosity;
Humanity and justice;
Constancy, chastity, and honour;
Humility, and good nature;
Sincerity and friendship;
Compassion and meekness;
Gentleness and fidelity;
Industry and contentment;
Tenderness and gratitude;
Purity and patience;
Magnanimity and mercy.

Happy woman! blest with these,
Her's, future hope and present ease;

Happier he, whose wife she is,
The richest thing on earth is his.

Lines by Doctor Johnson, not printed in his Works.

TO A YOUNG LADY, EMBROIDERING.

Arachne once, ill-fated maid,
* * * * * * * * *
Her form was chang'd, her beauty fled;
She fell a victim to her rage.

Oh! then beware, Arachne's fate,
Be prudent, fair one, and submit,
For you'll more justly feel her fate,
Who rival both her art—and wit.

Anecdote from the Life of Prince Eugene.

In a skirmish, which brought on a general battle, between the Turks and the Imperialists, the cornet of the regiment of Commerci, had his standard wrested from him: the prince of that name, instantly flies to the Duke of Lorrain, begging his permission, to go and bring off another

from the infidels: the fervour of his intreaties prevailed on his highness, and the prince set out on the wings of revenge, and the love of glory; seeing a Turk, with a standard, at the end of a zagai, (or javelin,) makes towards him with his pistol cocked, fires, but missing, throws away his pistol, and claps his hand to his sabre, the mussulman, availing himself of the interval, stabbed the prince in the side with his zagai. The prince coolly laid hold of it with his left hand, and having his sabre in his right, discharged such a blow at his triumphant adversary as split his skull.

After this bold and fortunate stroke, the young prince himself drew the zagai from his body, and carrying the fruits of his victory, to his general, sends for the cornet, to whom he said, without any emotion, "Here, Sir, is a standard, which I commit to your care, I did not get it for nothing, and I shall take it kindly, that you keep it better than that which was taken from you:" this reprimand, was little less

admired, than the action itself. The emperor, in honour to the young prince's gallantry, ordered the Turkish standard, to be set up in the cathedral of Vienna, with extraordinary ceremonies; and the empress, not to be behind hand in rewarding merit, made with her own hands, another standard, which she sent to the brave prince, to replace that which had been lost.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

A new adept, who boasted of having found the secret of making gold, petitioned Leo the Tenth for a reward. The Pope, (a protector of the arts) seemed to acquiesce in his demand; and the alchymist, was full of the hopes of a great fortune. When he returned to solicit his reward, Leo gave him a large empty purse, telling him, "that as he knew the art of making gold, he only wanted a purse to contain it."

ON VIEWING ST. PETER'S CHURCH, AT ROME.

Whoever beholds the ruinous remains of ancient Rome, may well say, "Rome is no more:—

But, whoever turns his eyes towards *thee*, and the splendid palaces of new Rome, may, as justly say, "Rome still flourishes."

A SIMPLE STORY.

Adrastus, a man of deep erudition, profound reading, and philosophical turn of mind, chose to reside in the country, chiefly to enjoy the uninterrupted pleasure of contemplation—He was a man, not only of learning, but *property*, and equally celebrated in his neighbourhood, for wisdom and generosity. It happened that one of his tenants, although he rented by far the smallest farm, and had a very large family depending on its cultivation for their sup-

port, was the most chearful and well-disposed on his estate.

His cottage, though small, was dressed by the hand of neatness and frugality. All situations, and all seasons, from the beginning of spring, to the end of winter, were rendered delightful, by the happy bias of his constitution, which enabled him to turn all events to his advantage—In sorrow, he was humble, and in prosperity, grateful: He had lived a tenant on this very farm, when the father of Adrastus first took possession of the estate; nor had he ever made a failure in the payment of his rent—or had a quarrel in the parish:—His toil was sweetened and alleviated by the pleasing thoughts of providing for his offspring; and his constant employment, not only inspired him with health, but protected him from the influence of all vicious passions, and ideal wants.

He had, in his time, put many estranged hands together; reconciled many petty, peevish differences; settled many family

quarrels; suggested many little schemes, (while he was church-warden,) for the benefit of the poor; and never felt one emotion of envy, at surveying the possessions of the rich. These unassuming, but solid virtues, gained him such a reputation in the country where he resided, that he obtained the appellation of the contented cottager: he was, in truth,

"Passing rich, with forty pounds a year."

An account of him was transmitted to Adrastus, who went to pay him a visit, for the purpose of seeing how true *report* had characterised him; for though Adrastus lived, and did much good in the country, yet his abstracted, philosophical, and sedentary situation, made him but little acquainted personally, with even his own tenants who were generally (on the business of quarter-day) turned over to the steward; a man, of the contented disposition of the cottager, was an object of too much importance, not to excite the curiosity of a philosopher; accordingly, he set apart one

evening, for his intended visit. Adrastus arrived at the farmer's, about half an hour after sun-set, when

"Twilight grey had in her sober livery all
things clad."

The farmer, whose name was Matthews, was sitting at the door of his little cottage, smoking his pipe, and surrounded by his children; his wife was leaning over the fire, preparing a decent and wholesome supper.

The farmer knew his landlord personally, and rose as to his superior, offering him the best seat in his homely cottage.

"Here, your honor finds me, (said the farmer) in a small, but happy place; I have been upon your ground these many years, and if you think good to renew my lease, which expires at Michaelmas, I shall most likely end my life in your service. Your dues are always ready to the hour, and I have no more reason to complain of my landlord, then he has of his tenant, and so ——"

Adrastus interrupted him, by desiring to

see the lease, and a pen and ink for the purpose of renewing it on the spot. "As to pen and ink, (replied the farmer) I have no use for them, and so I never keep any by me; I never write, and I can't read, and so such things are of no service.

"But if your honor wants to write, I can send to the shop for paper and ink, and I can easily send one of my boys to the green to pick up a quill."

"It don't signify at present (said Adratus) I'll sign it another time; but don't you really know any thing of books? I actually thought you was a scholar; that you had employed all your spare time in study; that you had gathered your notions of economy, industry, and paternal propriety, from historic examples, or traditionary annals."

"No, really, sir, not I, (replied the farmer) I am a very illiterate man, and no scholar at all: my father could not afford to give me an education, and I have had neither time nor opportunity since: nature

and the use of my eyes have been my only instructor, and if I have been able to live respectably to the age of three score, and to rear up my children soberly, cleanly, and industriously, I owe it merely to them; indeed, to say the truth, my business, as a farmer, throws in my way a thousand instructive objects. My farm-yard is stocked with improvements: at the end of that small slip of garden, I have a bit of a bee-hive, filled with little industrious animals, who tell me what a shame it would be to lead the life of a drone. My maxim is this, sir, that he who don't make honey, ought to eat none, and so this made me indefatigable to earn my meal, before I sat down to it. Nay, in this part of my duty, I am farther instructed by the little creatures who inhabit the mole-hill; is it possible for a man to see the poor things at work, for the day of necessity, and not take the hint, and lay up a modicum for his own family? I have rested upon my spade, sir, on purpose to look at their labours and then I have

gone to work again, lest they should have the sense to chide me for minding other people's business more than my own.

"I have an old house-dog, there, that aged animal, sir, has kept my clothes by day, and my cottage by night, till he has not got a tooth in his head, and has done for me what I would do for a neighbour of mine, whom I have loved ever since I was a brat no higher than my hand. He once did me a piece of service when I most wanted it, and whilst I have breath I will not forget it.

"He, sir, who has no gratitude, has no nature in him, and an unnatural man is better dead than alive, because we are all born to do something, and he who does a kindness deserves to be remembered.

"With regard to my duty as a husband and a father, I learn it from the feathered tribe around me, the very pigeons on my dove-house, and the wren that builds her nest under my hovel, all are faithful to their mate, and anxious for the preservation

knees, but Adrastus prevented him, saying, "Rise, Mr. Matthews, the obligation is on my side; *I* have been obliged. In exchange for a few acres, for which I have no occasion, you have given me a set of maxims and sentiments, that are, as the purified thrice refined gold of Ophir, and shall never depart from me."

From this moment Adrastus and the farmer were intimate friends.

O ye landlords and tenants, go ye and do likewise.

ANECDOTE.

Valentine Tameral Duval, at Vienna, director of the cabinet of medals and coins, to their Imperial Apostolic Majesties, aged 80 years, was born at Artonnal, a village in Champagne, of mean parents, from whom he ran away when very young, and chance brought him to Lorrain, where he kept sheep.

He could scarcely either read or write, yet so great was his desire to become acquainted

with the motions of the heavenly bodies, that he made a tall oak his observatory, but with very little success.

In 1719, he was hired at the hermitage of St. Ann, to take care of six cows, where he employed his wages in buying books and maps, but finding his finances ran rather short, he set traps to catch foxes, weasles, and other animals, which he sold and with the money bought books.

Whilst he tended his cattle, he used to sit under a large tree, and spread his maps on the ground, where he studied with unremitting diligence. One day as he was thus employed, the Princess Leopold and Frances happened to pass that way, and were struck with the answers he made to their questions. He was then twenty-two years of age, and was sent to Luneville, and from thence to Point Morasson, to a college of Jesuits, where he made such progress in learning, that in 1729, he was made professor of the academy of noblesse of Luneville, and librarian to the reigning duke.

In 1739, when Lorrain was ceded to France, M. Duval was sent to Florence as librarian to the then grand duke, and Francis I. having become Emperor, formed a design of making a collection of all the medals and coins, struck throughout the world since the cessation of antique medals, and sent for M. Duval to Vienna, to carry on this project under his own inspection, after which he was appointed director of the cabinet, which place he filled with great exactness till his death.

ANECDOTE.

King George II. towards the end of his life, became weak-sighted, and could not discern objects unless they were very near him.

Not long before his death, looking out of his palace window at Kensington, in company with a nobleman, he asked who a person was he saw at some distance.

"That is my Lord Bute," answered the nobleman. "Ay," replied the King, "that

is the man that will govern this kingdom after my death, and ruin it."

Anecdote of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

The Prince, when a boy, playing at shuttlecock with his royal brother, the then Bishop of Osnaburgh, in the riding-house in the Queen's palace. One of their Majesty's footmen, not knowing the two princes were there, hastily threw open the door, just as the bishop was about to strike the shuttlecock, which occasioned him to miss his aim, and lose the game to his Royal Highness.

The Prince, observing his brother to be rather chagrined at the accident, took up a whip, with which he had been riding, and jocularly switched the man with it; but the Prince observing him to receive the chastisement rather morosely, stepped up and said to his brother, "My affection for you, my dear Frederick, has precipitated me into a wanton act of injustice against this poor

man, whose situation obliges him to silence; I therefore expect you will join me in acknowledging the wrong I have inconsiderately done him: for, my brother, let us remember, that however high our stations, as it exempt us not from doing evil, so it ought not to exempt us repairing evil, when we forget ourselves and commit it."

A few days afterwards, an appointment to serve the Prince's household with turnery-ware, was sent to the footman, signed by the Queen, at the earnest solicitation of his Royal Highness.

Such were the exalted sentiments which so early displayed themselves in the breast of his Royal Highness, whose affability and goodness of heart have since been so conspicuous, and which do him so much honour.

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL SCOTT.

Having, one night, lost a large sum of money to a gentleman, he appointed to go

with him into the city for the purpose of selling out stock to pay him: he accordingly breakfasted with him, set out in the gentleman's carriage, but coming towards Temple Bar, there was such a train of coaches, that they were obliged to draw up a considerable time. In this idle interval, the gentleman proposed throwing for a hundred pounds; the general accepted the challenge, the blinds were drawn up, and before the coachman could disengage himself, the general had not only won his own money back, but all the money the gentleman had in his pocket, together with his coach and horses.

This sudden change of fortune, would have been to some people a mortifying blow, but so little did it discompose the gentleman, (who, by the by, was a man of good fortune) that he very good-humouredly put his head out of the coach window, and desired the coachman to turn about and drive home to his master's, General Scott's.

He then got into a hackney coach, and drove to Hanover Square.

ANECDOTE (THE GOOD EFFECT OF WINE.)

A young gentleman of distinction, having lost a considerable sum of money at a faro bank, was so much affected by it, that he determined upon an act of suicide, in order to relieve him from his distress.

Filled with this idea, he put a case of pistols into his pockets, and proceeding to a house of fashionable resort in St. James's street, to which he was a subscriber, he ordered a room and a bottle of claret, with pen, ink, and paper. He then wrote a letter to an intimate friend, describing his unhappy state, which he declared himself unable any longer to bear, told him, that by the time the letter reached him, he should be out of his misery, and concluded with some request, as a last proof of his friendship.

Having dispatched this letter, he laid his pistols on the table, and being exceedingly

thirsty, and seeing wine standing before him, he very naturally drank a glass: the refreshment this afforded him, tempted him to repeat it; he took a second and a third, and in brief, four or five glasses gave such a happy turn to his thoughts, that he deferred his rash purpose until his friend burst into the room with the utmost anxiety; when, instead of finding the letter-writer weltering in his blood, he saw him sitting at the table, musing with great composure.

He instantly removed the pistols; they finished the bottle together, and the despairing man went home, reconciled to himself, and to that life which he had so recently determined to renounce.

Extraordinary relation of the Behaviour and Death of a Deserter from the King of Prussia's Army.

George Grochantry, a Polander, who had enlisted as a soldier in the service of the King of Prussia, deserted during the last war. A small party was sent in pursuit of him,

and, when he least expected it, they surprised him singing and dancing among a company of peasants who were got together in an inn, and were making merry.

This event, so sudden and unforeseen, and at the same time so dreadful in its consequences, struck him in such a manner, that, giving a great cry, he became all at once stupid and insensible, and suffered himself to be seized without the smallest resistance.

They carried him away to Golcan, where he was brought before the council of war, and received sentence as a deserter: he allowed himself to be disposed of, at the will of those about him, without uttering a word, or giving the least sign that he knew what had happened, or was likely to happen to him.

He remained as immoveable as a statue wherever he was placed, and was wholly passive with respect to all that was done to him or about him. During all the time that he was in custody, he neither eat, drank, or slept: some of his comrades were sent to

him; after that he was visited by some officers of his corps, and by some priests, but he still continued in the same state, without discovering the least signs of sensibility.—Promises, entreaties, and threatenings, were all without the least effect on him. The physicians who were consulted upon his case, were of opinion, that he was in a state of hopeless idiotcy.

It was at first suspected that these appearances were feigned; but these suspicions gave way, when it was known that he took no sustenance, and that the involuntary functions of nature were in a great measure suspended.

After some time, they knocked off his fetters, and left him at liberty to go whither he would. He received his liberty with the same insensibility that he had shown upon other occasions. He remained fixed and immovable, his eyes turned wildly here and there, without taking cognizance of any object, and the muscles of his face

were fallen and fixed like those of a dead body.

Being left to himself, he passed twenty days in this condition, without eating, drinking, or any evacuation, and died on the twentieth day.

He had been sometimes heard to fetch deep sighs, and once rushed, with great violence, on a soldier who had a mug of liquor in his hand, forced the mug from him, and having drank the liquor with great eagerness, let the mug drop to the ground.

Anecdote of the late Lord Baltimore.

Previous to his lordship's going to Italy, he was solicited by a gentlemanof his acquaintance, to lend him three hundred pounds, which his lordship said he would, provided he could spare so much after settling his affairs. Such an answer fully satisfied the gentleman, as he not only knew his lordship could at all times command

a much greater sum, but that he was ever, upon these occasions, better than his word.

The affair rested in this manner till the day before his departure, when waiting on the gentleman, and making many apologies for not being able to comply with his request, he begged of him, (as a token of friendship), he would accept a large silver medallion of Queen Anne, which he said he had a particular regard for.

His friend, though much nettled at the disappointment, cooly accepted the present, and after wishing his lordship a good journey, they parted.

My lord had scarcely gone down stairs, when the gentleman, in a fit of disappointment, flung it from him, as looking upon it to be a thing totally useless, when, to his great surprise, out flew two bank notes of one hundred and fifty pounds each, which had been purposely inclosed in the hollow of the medallion.

ANECDOTE.

In 1711, the Irish treasury was robbed by one Pratt, an under clerk, who also set it on fire to conceal his robbery.

He was taken up on suspicion, on which he sent for the famous Sir Toby Butler, one of the most eminent and wittiest lawyers of his time. Having received his fee, and no third person being present, he told Pratt, that *if he had robbed the treasury*, he would engage he should not be hanged; but if *not*, the proofs were so strong against him, that he certainly *would*.

Pratt understood him, and said, no money should be wanting.—He was acquitted.

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

Now dawns the day, to folly ever dear,
And deem'd by her, the fairest of the year;
April's first morn, distinguish'd by her birth,
To sloth she gives the day—the night to mirth—
Comes when the hooting owls begin their flight;
For folly keeps her holiday—at night.

Occasional Letter on Envy.

Envy came next, envy with squinting eyes,
Sick of a strange disease, his neighbour's health;
Best then he lives, when any better dies;
Is never poor, but in another's wealth.
On best men's harms, and griefs, he feeds his fill,
Else his own maw doth eat with spiteful will,
Ill must the temper be, where diet is so ill.

Fletcher.

Envy, says Lord Bacon, has no holidays.

There cannot, perhaps, be a more lively and striking description of the miserable state of mind those endure who are tormented with this vice. A spirit of emulation has been supposed to be the source of the greatest improvements, and there is no doubt but the warmest rivalship will produce the most excellent effects; but it is to be feared, that a perpetual state of contest will injure the temper so essentially, that the mischief will scarcely be counterbalanced by any other advantages.

Those whose progress is the most rapid,

will be apt to despise their less successful competitors, who, in return, will feel the bitterest resentment against their more fortunate rivals. Among persons of real goodness, this jealousy and contempt, can never be equally felt, because every advancement in piety, will be attended with a proportionable encrease of humility, which will lead them to contemplate their own improvements with modesty, and to view with charity the miscarriages of others.

When an envious man is melancholy, one may ask him, in the words of Bion,—What evil has befallen himself, or what good has happened to another? This *last* is the scale by which he principally measures his felicity, and the very smiles of his friends are so many deductions from his own happiness.

The wants of others is the standard by which he rates his own wealth, and he estimates his riches, not so much by his own possessions, as by the necessities of his neighbours.

When the malevolent intend to strike a very deep and dangerous stroke of malice, they generally begin the most remotely from the subject nearest their hearts. They set out with commending the object of their envy for some trifling quality or advantage, which it is scarcely worth while to possess. They next proceed to make a general profession of their own good-will and regard for him. Thus, artfully removing any suspicion of their designs, and clearing all obstructions for the insidious wound they are about to give: for who will suspect them of an intention to injure the object of their peculiar and professed esteem?

Anger is less reasonable and more sincere than envy—anger breaks out abruptly—envy is a great prefacer—anger wishes to be understood at once—envy is fond of remote hints and ambiguities, but obscure as its oracles are, it never ceases to deliver them until they are perfectly comprehended. Anger gives a broken, vehement, and interrupted narrative—envy tells a more consistent, and more probable, though a falser tale.

Anger never consults times or seasons—envy waits for the lucky moment, when the blow it meditates may be made the most exquisitely, and the most incurably deep. Simple anger soon runs itself out of breath, and is exhausted at the end of its tale; but, it is for that chosen period that envy has treasured up the most barbed arrow, in its whole quiver.

Anger puts a man out with himself; but the truly malicious, generally preserve the appearance of self-possession, or they could not so effectually injure. The angry man sets out, by destroying his whole credit with you at once; for he very frankly confesses his abhorrence, and detestation of the object of his abuse, while the envious man, carefully suppresses all his own share in the affair.

The angry man defeats the end of his resentment, by keeping himself continually before your eyes, instead of his enemy; while the envious man wilfully brings forward the object of his malice, and keeps himself

out of sight. The angry man talks loudly of his own wrongs; the envious, of his adversary's injustice. A passionate person, if his resentments are not complicated with malice, divides his time, between sinning and sorrowing, and as the irascible passions cannot constantly be at work, his heart may sometimes get a holiday.

Anger is a violent act—envy a constant habit: No one can be always angry, but he may be always envious. An angry man's enmity (if he be generous,) will subside, when the object of his resentment becomes unfortunate; but the envious man can extract food for his malice, out of calamity itself, if he finds his adversary bears it with dignity, or is pitied, or assisted in it. The rage of the passionate man is totally extinguished by the death of his enemy; but the hatred of the malicious is not buried, even in the grave of his rival—He will envy the good name he has left behind him; he will envy him the tears of his widow, the prosperity of his children, the esteem

of his friends, the praises of his epitaph, nay, the very magnificence of his funeral. The ear of jealousy, heareth all things, (says the wise man,) frequently, I believe, more than is uttered, which makes the company of the persons infected with it still more dangerous. When you tell those of an envious disposition, any circumstance that has happened to another, though they perfectly know of whom you are speaking, they often affect to be at a loss—to forget his name, or to misapprehend you in some respect or other, and this merely, to have a greater opportunity of slily gratifying their malice, by mentioning some unhappy defect, or personal infirmity he labours under; and not contented, "to tack his every error to his name," they will, by way of further explanation, have recourse to the faults of his father, or the misfortunes of his family; and this, with all the seeming simplicity and candour in the world, merely for the sake of preventing mistakes, and to clear up every doubt of his identity. If you are

speaking of a lady, for instance, they will, perhaps, embellish their enquiries, by asking, "if you mean her, whose grandfather was a bankrupt? though she has the vanity to keep a chariot, whilst others, much better born, walk on foot;" or, they will afterwards recollect, "that you may possibly mean her cousin, of the same name, whose mother was suspected of such, or such an indiscretion, though the daughter, had the good luck to make her fortune, by marrying, while her betters are over-looked."

To hint at a fault, does more mischief than speaking out; for whatever is left for the imagination to finish, will not fail to be overdone; every hiatus will be more than filled up, and every pause, more than supplied. There is less malice, and less mischief too, in telling a man's name, than the initials of it, as a worthier person, may be involved in the most disgraceful suspicion, by such a dangerous ambiguity. It is not uncommon for the envious, after having attempted to deface the fairest character so in-

dustriously, that they are afraid you will begin to detect their malice, to endeavour to remove your suspicions effectually, by assuring you, that what they have just related, is only the popular opinion, they themselves, can never believe things are so bad, as they are said to be; for their part, it is a rule with them, always to hope the best. It is their way never to believe, or report ill of any one: they will, however, mention the story in all companies, that they may do their friend the service of protesting the disbelief of it. More reputations are thus hinted away by false friends, than are openly destroyed by public enemies. An *if*, or a *but*, or a *modified look*; an *ambiguous shake of the head*, or a languid defence, will demolish a character more effectually, than the whole artillery of malice, when openly levelled against it.

It is not that envy never praises—No, that would be making a public profession of itself, and advertising its own malignity; whereas the greatest success of its efforts,

depends on the concealment of their end—When envy intends to strike a stroke of Machiavelian policy, it affects the language of the most exaggerated applause, though it generally takes care that the subject of its pangyric shall be a very indifferent and common character, so that it is well aware, none of its praises will stick.

It is the unhappy nature of envy, not to be contented with positive misery, but to be continually aggravating its own torments, by comparing them with the felicities of others. The eyes of envy, are perpetually fixed on the object which disturbs it; nor can it avert them from it, though to procure itself the relief of a temporary forgetfulness—On seeing the innocence of the first pair :—

———" Aside, the devil turn'd
For envy; yet, with jealous leer malign,
Ey'd them askance."

As this enormous sin chiefly instigated the revolt, and brought on the ruin of the

angelic spirits; so it is not improbable, that it will be a principal instrument of misery in a future world for the envious to compare their desperate condition with the happiness of the children of God, and to heighten their actual wretchedness, by reflecting on what they have lost. Envy, like lying and ingratitude, is practised with more frequency, because it is practised with impunity; but there being no human laws against these crimes, is so far from an inducement to commit them, that this very consideration would be sufficient to deter the wise and good, if all others were ineffectual; for of how henious a nature must those sins be, which are judged above the reach of human punishment, and are reserved for the final justice of God himself!

H.

ANECDOTE.

In the reign of Queen Anne, a very lucrative post under government, became vacant, and many canditates solicited ministry for it; among whom, the most

urgent and importunate person was judged by the minister, inadequate to fill it.—Therefore, to rid himself of him, and his disagreeable importunity together, he determined to poze him, the next time he came, with some obscure question.

Accordingly, when he made his appearance, he told him, if he could inform him "who were Melchizedeck's father and mother, his request should be granted, and the place given to him." He thanked his lordship, and only requested one day to consider of it. He now prepared two large bags of money, of various coins, so that he was certain their legends contained all the letters of the alphabet; then ordered his coach, and drove away to the minister's house; who, when he saw the gentleman's servants sweating, and handing in the specie, began to conceive a better opinion of his abilities, came to the door, and received him very politely; "My lord," said he, "the large bag, contains all the letters that compose his father's name, as the

lesser one does, that of his mother's; I make no doubt, but your lordship has sagacity enough to put them together;" which so pleased the minister, that he shook him heartily by the hand, and vowed, "He was the best scholar he had ever met with; for he had proposed the same query to many learned men, divines especially, who were unanimous, that he never had a father or mother—but YOU, *learned sir*, have convinced me, and shall have immediate admission." On this account, during the remainder of that administration, on every promotion, it became proverbial, and common to say—"We suppose, he has had the recommendation of *Melchizedeck's father and mother.*"

Anecdote of Milton, not generally known.

The freedom and asperity of his various attacks on the character and prerogative of the late King, rendered him peculiarly obnoxious, when the restoration was ac-

complished. To save himself therefore, from the fury of the court, which he had so highly incensed, and the vigilance of which, from the emissaries employed, it became so difficult to elude, he connived with his friends, in effecting the following innocent imposture: The report of his death, was so industriously circulated, that the credulity of the public swallowed the bait prepared for them. The *coffin*, the *mourners*, and other apparatus of his funeral were exhibited at his house, with the same formality as if he had been really dead. A figure of him, as large and heavy as life was actually formed, laid out, and put into a lead coffin, and the whole solemnity acted in all its parts. It is said, when the truth was known, and he was found to be alive; notwithstanding, the most incontestible evidence, that he had been thus openly interred, the wits about the court of King Charles II. made themselves exceedingly merry with the stratagem, by which the poet had preserved his

life.——That lively and good-natured monarch, discovered to himself not a little satisfaction in finding, that by this ingenious expedient, his reign had not been tarnished with the blood of a man, already blind, by application, infirmity, and age; and who, under all his dreadful misfortunes, had written Paradise Lost.

LINES ON A MELANCHOLY CATASTROPHE.

Oh! sleep, soft soother of terrestrial woes,
Thou sweetest blessing to the breast of care;
What thoughts are these, which baffle my repose:
What mournful sounds which vibrate on mine ear.

Dark was the night, and harsh the sounding wind,
No twink'ling star illum'd the dismal sky;
As weary on my couch, I lay reclin'd,
And sought the pleasure of a slumb'ring eye.

Sudden the wind grew calm, pale Cynthia's light,
Stole by degrees, and shed a silver gleam;
A form appear'd to my astonish'd sight—
A form more lovely, e'en than Cynthia's beam.

Hear me, dear youth, the shadowy phantom said,
If e'er to pity's pangs thou wert a slave:
Oh! listen to a lost, unhappy maid,
Who, seeking pleasure, found a wat'ry grave.

Oh! teach the fair of Albion's happy isle,
By my example, to avoid my fate;
Nor leave that country, where benignly smile
All Nature's beauties—for ideal state.

Nor mine alone—we left our native land,
To seek for riches on a distant shore,
Of lovely maidens—an unhappy band;
But, ah! we saw our native land no more.

Scarce were the sails unfurl'd to meet the breeze,
To waft our bark to a more wealthy clime,
When fierce the storm, and boist'rous rag'd the seas;
A storm, too fatal, to our youthful prime.

'Twas then, forlorn, we cast a longing eye,
T'wards the blest shores, where peace and joy remain!
Alas! how dreadful, to be doom'd to die,
And never tread our native land again!

Who can describe the horrors of the scene!
When dashing billows seiz'd our frighted ears!
And cruel winds around us, whistl'ing keen,
Proclaim'd our fate, and realis'd our fears.

Why should a maiden trust the boist'rous seas,
And tempt her fortune on a distant coast?
Is not fair Albion better form'd to please,
Than all that sultry India's clime can boast?

Are there not swains—but, ah! be theirs the crime,
Who suffer beauty to desert their shore?
Why drive your maidens to an alien clime?
Why, let soft Hymen, his lost state deplore?

Oh! yet, recal him, and restore his throne,
Let not the God of virtuous love despair!
Beauty and virtue still shall be your own,
And ev'ry blessing fall to Albion's share.

CURIOUS LEGACY.

Instead of the fables and fictions, commonly retailed, hear the history of a parson, in the vicarage of Antwerp:

With a spirit of œconomy, that would not suffer him to squander away his substance, as many do in luxurious, or idle expences, he was enabled, in time, to amass a good fortune. But neither his prudence, nor his riches, could avert the stroke of death. He became dropsical, and having no hopes of recovery from the physicians, whom he consulted, he made up his mind;

allotted to pious and charitable uses, all that belonged to him, not overlooking the disposal of the most minute article of furniture in his house; and after he had settled all his affairs, and quieted his conscience, he thought of nothing but dying in peace.

In this conjuncture, there came brother Lewis, and brother Simon, two dominicans, of Antwerp, who preached in the neighbourhood, and had been often entertained at the parson's house. They reckoned on this occasion, as usual, to find good fare, and comfortable lodging; but, for once, they were disappointed, and were obliged to go farther for a dinner.

Nevertheless they made inquiry, concerning the particular circumstances of the sick man's disorder: they felt his pulse, examined his arms, his legs, his body, and with a compassionate air, agreed, "that he was too far gone, for hope; and that the evil had increased to such a pitch, that it would be impossible to stop the growth

of it." As they were going out, it occurred to their reflection, that the parson, having been a good œconomist all his life, ought to have plenty of money in his coffers; and they formed a project for ridding him of part of it. "We want money for our library," said they to each other, "if we could get it from this bloated divine, we should meet with a hearty welcome from the prior of the convent." This idea so forcibly impressed them, that they resolved to follow it up; and, in consequence, brother Lewis, as the most persuasive speaker of the two, undertook the office. He returned then to the patient, and began with the insinuating language of devotion, to discourse on death and repentance; he exhorted the sick man to think on the salvation of his soul, and to redeem his past offences by charitable donations. "That has already been my care," answered the dying man: "Of all my worldly possessions, there is none that I have not given, or bequeathed for the love of God; and

every thing about me, to the very bed you see me lying on, has its allotment."— "What, Sir, have you given away all?" cried the monk, in astonishment. "But know you not, that to please God, it is not enough to do acts of charity; but that we should, according to the expression in scripture, examine how we do them." "I could not easily err in that particular," replied the parson, "this village, has fed me to the present hour; and to it, have I bequeathed my stock of grain, which may be worth ten livres. I have in it, some needy relations, to whom I make the bequest of my flocks, and my cattle; I have not forgotten the orphans, nor the sick; I have left besides, the Beguins a legacy, and the Cordelliers, an hundred pence." "These disposals are, indeed, extremely meritorious;" said the monk, "but it seems, you have overlooked our brotherhood; a convent full of such religious and holy persons, who fast incessantly, wear no linen, and every day, offer up their

prayers for you—ah, brother, God will not have mercy on you!" The priest, somewhat astonished at this language, answered, "that he was very unfortunate, in having been so precipitate; but that it was now, to his great regret, too late to repair his deficiency; that he had now, nothing left to give—not a farthing—not a single grain." The two monks, would not so easily give up their point, but returned to the attack. They proposed to have the will cancelled, and to have the disposal of some of the legacies altered, that they might come in for a share. If they might be believed, this was the most advisable bequest for one in his situation; and in suggesting it to him, they avowed, "That they had less regard to the distress of their monastery, however pressing it might be, then to the tender solicitude they felt for the salvation of his soul."

This shameful, and unchristian-like avidity raised the indignation of the parson, he resolved on punishing the two canting

hypocrites; and before his death, to divert (at their expence) the townsmen of Antwerp.

"My good brethren," said he, after appearing to have been, for a few minutes, absorbed in contemplation. "I confess, that I have still remaining a precious jewel, of which I did not take notice; but it is an article, that I cannot possibly part with, before I die; and desperate as my condition appears, I could not think of giving it up, for an hundred marks in gold, if they were offered for it—I will, however, leave it to you, after I am gone; and, thank God, for having sent you here, while I am yet alive, to urge me to the accomplishment of so good a work. Let your prior come to-morrow, and I will make him a formal assignment of it."

The monks, delighted at this promise, took their departure. On their arrival at the monastery, they had a chapter assembled there, gave a relation of the happy effects their zeal had operated, and required, to celebrate their good fortune, a feast, that

very night in the hall. This demand, was seconded with great ardour, and unanimously assented to. The prior sent for all sorts of delicacies; instead of the wines, in common consumption, he ordered the very best and oldest the town could supply. They caroused and sang, and drank to their dropsical benefactor, as well as to brother Lewis, who, puffed up with the success of his eloquence, made an effort, to preserve an air of modest diffidence.

All this while, the bells were ringing in peals, as if the body of a saint had arrived; the neighbours, stunned with the noise, enquired what festival they were celebrating? In the midst, however, of their holy orgies, brother Lewis, in the true spirit of a consummate politican, whom neither glory nor pleasure can divert from the steady prosecution of his design, brought back the consideration of his brethren to the jewel, and recommended, "that the necessary provisions should be made for the next day's journey. For his own part, being eager to

have the honour of accomplishing the work himself, he was of opinion, that it was needless, for the prior to give himself the trouble of going to the village, and offered himself to return there with brothers Giles, Nicholas, and Robert."

Full power was given him, to settle this matter as he pleased—Mirth and wine united, had rendered them so giddy, that whatever he had thought proper to recommend, would have been honoured with the same implicit assent.

The following day, on the first dawn of the morning, the four associates set out, and never stopped until they arrived at the village; so apprehensive were they of coming too late, and finding the parson dead. They saluted him devoutly in the Lord's name, and asked him "if he did not find himself a little easier?" "Alas! my worthy brothers," he answered, "my hour approaches; nevertheless, you are welcome; I have not forgot the promise, which I made yesterday to brother Lewis—Let one

go to the town; it will be proper to bring the mayor and the sheriffs, that they may witness the grant, and thus prevent any one, from contesting it with you."

This was a fresh sally of the parson's roguishness, to give them the trouble of another march. The four monks, all smoking with perspiration, with their mouths open, and tongues hanging out, looked like greyhounds, that had been all day on the chace. Brother Giles, and brother Robert, nevertheless, offered to return to Antwerp; and notwithstanding their fatigue, set out again upon the expedition—at last, after a few hours had elapsed, they arrived with the magistrates.

The parson, after paying his respects to these officers, and desiring them to sit down, addressed them in the following words:——

"I was yesterday, gentlemen, as you now behold me, laying on this painful couch, when brother Lewis, whom you see before you, came with one of his asso-

ciates, to take up his lodgings in my house: like a worthy preacher of God's word, he exhorted me to death and repentance; and above all, to redeem my sins, by a legacy to his convent. He represented to me, through zeal for my salvation, that if I did not bequeath them something, God would have no mercy on me; when I, on my part, like a true christian, who is anxious for the future welfare of his soul, recollected, that I had still something left, very valuable, which I might present to them:—I declare then, gentlemen, that from this moment, I bequeath it to them in full right to have, and hold it after my decease."

The monks scarcely knew what to think of this speech; half serious, and half ironical. They pretended, however, not to understand the reproof, which the parson's sneer had conveyed; and brother Lewis, (the orator of the embassy,) pressed the dying man, to declare at once to the magistrates, what this valuable bequest was:——

"My good friends," said he, "it is my bladder, of which I desire them to make a purse, to go about and receive their legacies in—My disorder must have made it large—it will hold a good deal; and I wish them success in filling it." At these words, all who were present, magistrates, attendants, and others, set up so loud and hearty a laugh, that the monks withdrew in confusion, cursing brother Lewis, and his eloquence. What happened at his return, I cannot say; but know that the affair was soon circulated through the town of Antwerp, and had such an effect, that for a long time, no jacobine could shew his face in it."

A letter, from the Earl of Derby to Oliver Cromwell.

The following letter was written by an Earl of Derby to Oliver Cromwell; it is couched in strong terms of dissatisfaction towards the usurper; and breathes an heroic spirit, and loyalty for his Sovereign.

"I received your letter with indignation, and with scorn—I return you this answer, that I cannot but wonder, whence you should gather hopes from me, that I should (like you,) prove treacherous to my Sovereign, since you cannot be insensible of my former actions in his late Majesty's service, from which principle of loyalty, I am no ways departed.

"I scorn your proffers; I disdain your favour; I abhor your treasons; and am so far from delivering this island to your advantage, that I will keep it to the utmost of my power to your destruction.

"Take this final answer, and forbear any further solicitations; for if you trouble me with any more messengers, upon this occason, I will burn the paper, and hang the bearer.—

"This is the immutable resolution, and shall be the undoubted practice of him who accounts it the chiefest glory to be

his Majesty's most loyal,

Castletown, July 12, 1619. and obedient subject, (Signed) DERBY."

Anecdote of the Masked Man, who cut off the head of King Charles I.

Lord S——, who commanded the English army at the battle of Dettingen, fell under the displeasure of King George II. for having given his royal master, a lesson of prudence and caution.

His lordship finding he possessed few of the requisites for a courtier, retired into Scotland; but upon his leaving the continent, he received a letter, appointing place and time, upon business of the last moment. He arrived, without any attendants, but not totally divested of fear; when he entered a garret, that announced every species of misery. He perceived, by the glimmerings of an obscure lamp, an old man, stretched out upon a bed, who had scarce any vestige of a human form.—"My Lord," said he, "I was impatient to see you; and I felicitate you on the laurels you have so recently won; be seated,

and fear nothing from a man, who is in his hundred and twenty-fifth year." He made the panegyric of this general; and condemned the injustice of his sovereign; He then asked Lord S——, he did not want certain instruments which related to his family, his nobility, and his fortune.— "Yes," replied his lordship, with emotion; "I have lost certain papers, which deprive me of a great part of my inheritance." Upon this, he gave his lordship the key of a casket, in which were deposited the writings in question. "To whom" said he, "am I indebted for this inestimable favour?" "Oh, my dear son," replied the old man, "come, and embrace your great grandfather." Lord S——, was astonished at this rencounter; and was still more so, when he confessed, "that he was the masked executioner of Charles the First. An insatiable thirst of vengeance suggested this abominable crime; as I then looked upon this prince as my most cruel enemy, and persecutor; I even-

suspected him, of having seduced my daughter. I sacrificed my allegiance, to a thirst of revenge; and I became the mere creature of Cromwell, who had seized upon the reins of government; and as the last affront to Majesty, the King knew, to whom he was indebted for his executioner. I have been a fugitive—a voluntary outcast in Europe, and Asia, for fourscore years; lost to my family, the world, and to myself—It appears to me, that Heaven has permitted me to live thus long, as a punishment for my crime.

"This casket, is the only remains of my fortune, and my past existence; I have heard of your disgrace, and before I quitted this miserable existence, I was willing to contribute to your welfare; the only return, I ask, is, that you will leave me to the habits of penitence, and shed a tear to the memory of one, who has incurred the displeasure of the Almighty." In vain did Lord S. endeavour to recal his ancestor to a sense of his danger, and to

press his return to Scotland; at last, he seemed to yield to his earnest solicitations; but on his repeating the visit the next day, he found he had quitted the spot; and notwithstanding every possible inquiry was made, his fate remains a mystery to this hour.

Anecdote of the King of Prussia.

In one of the private visits, which the great Frederick was wont to pay his soldiers, he met a jolly fellow, who had that evening deserted the service of Mars, for that of Bacchus. The monarch, entering in discourse with him, asked him, "How he was able, out of his small stipend, to make so large an offering to the God of wine;" and added, "I assure you, comrade, my pay is the same as yours; yet, I cannot afford it—Pray, tell me, how you can do this?" "Give me your hand, my lad; you seem an honest fellow, and I'll tell you the secret—to-day, I have been drinking

with an old acquaintance; 'tis devilish hard, you know, if one can't take a drop now and then with a friend; and on these occasions, a day's pay, is but a scanty allowance; so I was obliged to make use of the old expedient." "What is that?" said the King—"Why, to pledge those of my accoutrements, which I could best spare, for a short time; a little frugality, will bring all even again, and then they may be redeemed. This morning, I parted with the blade of my sword, as we shall not have a field-day for some time, I shall not therefore have any use for it."

Frederick observed the man closely; thanked him for his information, and then wished him a good night. The next day, the troops received an unexpected summons into the field. The King passed along the line, and recognizing his *new* friend, ordered him, and the immediate man behind him, from the ranks; they were both commanded to strip. "Now," says the King, to his new companion;

" draw your sword, and strike off that traitor's head." (pointing to the other.) " For Heaven's sake, my Liege, pardon me; this man has been my comrade for more than fifteen years; and should this cruel office be laid on me, I should never know a moment's peace after: the King was deaf; since then, Sire, nothing I can say can move you—I pray, that God may be moved to work a miracle in my favour, and turn this into a wooden sword." He uttered this with a seeming fervour, and feigned the greatest astonishment, when he found it had happened as he wished. The King, knowing the artifice, could not but admire the fellow's ingenuity, and not only pardoned, but rewarded him.

ANECDOTE OF CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

When the garrison was withdrawn from Tangiers, in the reign of Charles II. there were among them a considerable number of aged and decrepid persons. It was there-

fore proposed, to build an hospital for them; and the King being applied to for a piece of ground for the scite for it, gave the spot, where it now stands; but recollecting himself, odd so, said he, "I have already given it to Nell here," meaning Nell Gwynn, the actress, who was present; she, who was the most generous of all human beings, said, "Have you so, Charles? then I will give it to you again," and the hospital was built. The King, however, built her a house in Pall-mall—the house, since inhabited by Doctor Heberden, and which is the only one in Pall-Mall, exempt from a quit-rent from the crown.

Anecdote of the late Sir Richard Jebb.

Not many years ago, Sir Richard attended a tradesman, during a tedious illness, which, at length, baffled all the doctor's skill, and the patient died. The wi-

dow of the deceased desired the bill might be brought in, which the baronet, from a consideration of her family, generously declined, informing her, "that when he found it necessary, he would make a demand of the money: A little time after the tradesman's death, finding her so much embarrassed in her circumstances, as not to be able to answer some bills with that promptitude in payment so necessary in trade, her creditors were alarmed, and all came upon her at once. Sir Richard, being informed of these circumstances, instantly laid in his claim, as a creditor of the deceased's estate. A meeting of the creditors was held, at which the doctor was present; on the business being adjusted, and a dividend made, Sir Richard, with a generosity, which reflects honour on his feelings, made the widow a present of the money, in the presence of the other creditors. Though this act of generosity, might have been supposed to excite a spirit of emulation in the breasts of all present—yet,

fore proposed, to build an hospital for them; and the King being applied to for a piece of ground for the scite for it, gave the spot, where it now stands; but recollecting himself, odd so, said he, "I have already given it to Nell here," meaning Nell Gwynn, the actress, who was present; she, who was the most generous of all human beings, said, "Have you so, Charles? then I will give it to you again," and the hospital was built. The King, however, built her a house in Pall-mall—the house, since inhabited by Doctor Heberden, and which [illegible] only one in Pall-Mall, exempt [illegible] quit-rent from the crown.

Anecdote of [illegible]*ard*.

Not [illegible]ined attended [illegible]alious illness, [illegible] the doctor [illegible] the wi-

dow of the deceased desired the bill might be brought in, which the baronet, from a consideration of her family, generously declined, informing her, "that when he found it necessary, he would make a demand of the money: A little time after the tradesman's death, finding her so much embarrassed in her circumstances, as not to be able to answer some bills with that promptitude in payment so necessary in trade, her creditors were alarmed, and all came upon her at once. Sir Richard, being informed of these circumstances, instantly [illegible] in his claim, as a creditor of the deceased's estate. A meeting of the creditors [illegible] held, at which the doctor was present; on the business being adjusted, and a dividend made, Sir Richard, with a generosity which reflects honour on his feelings, [illegible] the widow a present of the money, in the presence of the other creditors. Though this act of generosity, might have been supposed to excite a spirit of emulation in the breasts of all present—yet,

strange as it may appear, not one of the others followed the example, to the amount of a single shilling! although every man, had received nearly the amount of his demand!!

Anecdote, and Portrait of a perfect Miser.

The miser does not consider himself such as he really is, otherwise, he would feel horror, instead of exultation at his character. He considers himself as a man of *exquisite forecast*, as an œconomist, whose thoughts stretch deep into futurity.

When we read the miser of Plautus, and that of Moliere, we are tempted to believe, that the distinguishing characteristics of the miser are exhausted; but the following, is, perhaps, not less true, nor less energetic, than those represented by these great masters:—

An original of this species, having heard of a famous physician at Paris, whose par-

simony was carried to excess, had the curiosity to pay him a visit; he was a faithful disciple, who burnt with desire, to be taught lessons by a renowned master: Having previously apprised him of his coming, by a message, he found him, about eight o'clock in the evening, in *winter*, in a smoky room, with a small lamp, that scarcely gave any light. He said to him, on entering, "I am credibly informed, sir, that you are the greatest œconomist in the world; I am somewhat of the œconomist myself, but would be glad to be better versed in the art: and it would be an infinite pleasure to me if you were to befriend me so far, as to give me a few lessons of œconomy." "Is this all you come for?" replied, readily, the covetous doctor, who imagined, he was to have a *patient*, conconsulting him on his bad state of health—"We have no manner of occasion to *see*, in order to *speak*, and in the dark, our thoughts will admit of fewer distractions;" he immediately put out the light. "Ah! dear sir," cried the humble disciple, "this

lesson of œconomy is quite *enough* for me; I plainly see, that I shall never be otherwise than a scholar, under the tuition of so great a master; but, I protest to you, that I will profit by what I have seen:" so saying, he withdrew, groping his way down stairs.

THE FORCE OF ELOQUENCE.

Anecdote of Julius Cæsar.

When Quintus Ligarius was prosecuted, for bearing arms against Cæsar, and Cicero had undertaken to plead his cause: Cæsar is reported to have said—"Why, may not we give ourselves a pleasure, which we have not enjoyed so long, that of hearing Cicero speak; since I have already taken my resolution as to Ligarius, who is clearly a bad man, as well my enemy?" but he was greatly moved, when Cicero began; and his speech, as it proceeded, had such a variety of pathos, so irresistible a charm, that his colour often changed;

and it was evident, that his mind was torn with conflicting passions; at last, when the orator touched on the battle of Pharsalia, he was so extremely affected, that his whole frame trembled, and he let fall some papers out of his hand; thus conquered by the force of eloquence, he acquitted Ligarius.

ANECDOTE OF DOCTOR GOLDSMITH.

The doctor happened one night, at the theatre at Covent-Garden, to be in the same stage-box with the Marquis of Lansdown, when the doctor, who was a perfect stranger, was introduced to his lordship. The latter professed himself very happy in being honoured with the doctor's company, and invited him to supper, which was accepted. However, in the course of conversation at the theatre, his lordship observed, "that the public papers had given him the title of *Malagrida*, but for what

reason, he could not discover"—"*Nor I, either*," said the doctor, "for every body knows, that Malagrida was an *honest man*."

This abrupt and uncourtly wit, lost the doctor a supper, and the honour of his lordship's good opinion, who never spoke to him during the remainder of the entertainment, or took notice of him at parting.

CHINESE PROVERBS.

A great talker never wants enemies—The man of sense speaks little, and hears much.

Do not entertain a man who has just received a disappointment with an account of your own success.

In *company*, set a guard upon your tongue—and in *solitude*, upon your heart.

The most ignorant have knowledge enough to discern the faults of others.

The most clear-sighted *are blind to their own.*

When a man says, "let me wait a little, when I have something to spare, I will relieve the poor"—This man, will *never* relieve the poor.

ANECDOTE.

The late Bishop Maddox, (having been disappointed in an application he made to Mr. Pelham, on the behalf of a very particular friend;) determined to shew his resentment, by opposing a certain ministerial measure, then in agitation; and accordingly spoke against it, in his place, not without some acrimonious reflections, on the general conduct of the *then* administration.

The Duke of Newcastle, in reply, having acknowledged, that the ministry were not, nor could it be expected to be infallible, went on thus, "for example—my lords, we endeavour to fill that bench with as good, and sensible men as we can find; but notwithstanding all our care

and circumspection, an *odd, wrong-headed man*, will sometimes get seated upon it, and put us to the blush, for our inadvertency."

AN OLD ROMAN ANECDOTE.

A farmer, in the country, was so like Augustus, that every body took notice of the similitude, and he had himself the curiosity, when he heard of it, to send for him to court.

When the farmer made his appearance, Augustus was so affected with the striking likeness, that he asked him, "if his mother had ever visited the court?" The man, comprehending the drift of the question, readily answered, "that his mother had never been at Rome, but that his *father* had often been." The honest farmer, might have consulted his own interest more, perhaps, by a different reply; but, it is probable that he was piqued, by the insinuated reflection on his mother's reputation.

Historical Facts, concerning Jealousy.

The poets, have compared jealousy to a fury, with a pale and livid complexion, pursued by remorse; abhorred by all nature, and hated by herself:—

"Gabrielle de Bergy, of an illustrious birth, and who lived in the time of the Crusades was the victim of this implacable fury. The amiable Gabrielle, brought up from her infancy, with Ravul de Coucy, a young man of great hopes, had conceived for him, the tenderest sentiments. De Coucy, on his side, could not imagine a greater happiness, than the pleasing assurance, of spending the rest of his days with Gabrielle; but the parents of this young lady, who, undoubtedly, were never sensible of the sweets of an union, formed by esteem and tender love, delivered her into the hands of *Fayel*, a cruel, barbarous, and jealous man; this savage, made it a a crime in her, to have a heart of sensibi-

lity; in vain, the unfortunate wife strove, to calm the suspicions of her tyrant, by the most discreet behaviour, and a due attention to all his injunctions; she could not avoid being consigned over to the horrors of a dark dungeon. De Coucy, informed of the treatment of one so dear to him, and still dearer, by reason of her sufferings, consents to remove at a distance, from the place of her habitation—he does more—he conceives the generous design of going to seek death, in battle against the Saracen—too happy, if his death could appease Fayel's jealousy, and mitigate the sufferings of the unfortunate Gabrielle. He puts himself at the head of two hundred chosen cavaliers, and exerts prodigies of valour; but, as he was exposing himself to the blow that was to rob him of life, he soon found death over a heap of killed and wounded saracens: perceiving his end approach, he calls his squire, and with a hand, he scarce was able to stretch forth, gave him a letter, which he

had just written on his buckler—"Do not lament my destiny," said he, "rather lament the distress of her, who could not move a barbarous husband to pity; carry to that adorable object my *heart*, and this *letter*, wherein I have endeavoured to mark out a few words—I trust to thy zeal, for my service," and he expired. The squire, the better to acquit himself of his commission, disguises himself, and repairs to the environs of Fayel's castle, in order to espy out the moment of getting into it, without being perceived; but this jealous man, who was always in motion, and prying about, was the first to take notice of him—He instantly takes him for one of his rivals; thinks he knows him; and stealing softly upon him, stabs, and kills him with a poniard. He soon found it was De Coucy's squire, and dreading all, from such a rival, he hastens, to rifle the faithful domestic. How great was the joy of his soul, on seeing the heart of him, he was under such dismal apprehensions of! But when he had done

reading the lover's letter; a letter, so full of tenderness, *jealousy* seized upon all his senses; it inspired him with the most horrid of projects; "I will have this heart," said he, "so beloved by a perjured wife, presented to her, as a dish of meat"—His orders were given; the fatal meal was served up; Gabrielle, that day, felt some unaccountable boding, and quaked with dread, as she approached her husband—He presses, and solicits her to eat—She yields to his entreaties. "This dish," said he to her, with a cruel and malicious smile, "ought indeed, to please thee, for it is the heart of thy lover." She immediately falls senseless to the ground; but her husband, whose revenge, was not yet compleat, endeavours to recover her—When she was come a little to herself, he commands her, with the greatest menaces, to read the letter he presented to her. Gabrielle, receives it, amazed and astonished; but she scarce had perceived the characters, drawn by the faithful De Coucy, informing her,

"that he died with joy, for her sake"—when a mortal cold overwhelmed her senses; Fayel makes new efforts, to call her back to life—but she was no more!!

Jealousy, gave occasion to a like disaster, in the reign of Charles the Second, King of Spain.

The Marquis D'Astorgas, of the house of Ossora, was enamoured of a young and beautiful woman—His wife, hearing of this intrigue, went forthwith, well escorted, to see her husband's mistress, and killed her with her own hands; she afterwards, plucked her heart out of her, which she procured, to be dressed in a ragout, and served up to her husband. When he had eaten of it; she asked him, "If he liked it?" he answered, "Yes." "I am not surprised at it," said she, "for it is the heart of thy mistress, whom thou hast loved so much." With these words, she took out of a drawer, her head, still all over

bloody, and rolled it along the table, where the unhappy lover was sitting, with several of his friends. His wife, disappeared that instant, and took refuge in a convent, where she became mad, through rage and jealousy.

The jealousy of the wife, frequently contributes to make the husband inconstant.

"Whoever is suspicious," says a modern author, "makes an invitation to treachery," for which reason, a sensible woman, who was told "that her husband made love to several pretty women:" answered, very discreetly, "I little mind *how* my husband bestows his heart in the *day*; so that he brings it home to me at *night*."

LEARNING—A MORAL TALE.

Dabschelim, King of the Indies, possessed a library so large, that it required a hundred bramins to revise, and to keep it

in order; and a thousand dromedaries, to carry the books. As he had no intention to read, all it contained, he commanded his bramin, to make extracts from it, for his use, of whatever they judged most valuable, in every branch of literature. These doctors, immediately undertook to form such an abridgement; and after twenty years labour, composed from their several collections, a small Encyclopœdea, consisting of twelve thousand volumes, which thirty camels could scarcely carry; they had the honour to present this to the King, but were astonished, to hear him say, "That he would not read a work, that was a load for thirty camels." They then reduced their extracts, so that they might be carried by fifteen; afterwards, by ten; and then by four; and then, by two dromedaries—At last, no more books were left than were sufficient, to load a mule of ordinary strength. Unfortunately, Dabschelim, had grown old, while his library was abridging, and did not expect to live

long enough to read to the end, this master-piece of learning. The sage Pilpai, his vizier, therefore thus addressed him :—

"Though I have had an imperfect knowledge of the library of your sublime Majesty ; yet I can make a kind of analysis, of what it contains—very short, but extremely careful; you may read it in a minute; yet, it will afford you sufficient matter for meditation during your whole life."

At the same time, the vizier took the leaf of a palm-tree, and wrote on it, with a pencil of gold, the four following maxims :—

1st. In the greater part of science, there is only this single word, *perhaps*, in all history, but these phrases :—

They were born; they were wretched ; and they died.

2nd. Take pleasure in nothing, which is not commendable ; and do every thing,

which you take a pleasure in. *Think* nothing, but what is true; and do not utter all you think.

3d. Oh! ye Kings; subdue your passions; reign over yourselves; and you will consider the government of the world, only as recreation.

4th. Oh, ye Kings! Oh, ye Nations! listen to a truth, ye can never hear too often, and which sophists pretend to doubt.

There is no happiness, without virtue; and no virtue, without the fear of the Gods.

Anecdote of Frederick, King of Prussia.

Notwithstanding this Prince's philosophy, he had moments of turbulent passion—An instance of this came to the writer's knowledge, from his own lips. He was very fond of music, and a good performer on the German flute; neverthe-

less, meeting with a very difficult concerto, which he could not go through to his satisfaction, he was so enraged, that he broke his flute to pieces; however, recollecting himself, in a few minutes, he gathered up the fragments, and committed them to the flames; that even his attendants, might not discover his weakness, saying, at the same time, "How my enemies would triumph, if they knew this!"

Anecdote of Doctor Johnson.

By the end of the year 1754, Johnson had completed his copy of the Dictionary, not more to his own ease and satisfaction, than to the joy of Millar, the bookseller, the principal proprietor of the work, and the guardian, or treasurer of the fund, out of which the payments were from time to time issued. To say the truth, his joy, on this occasion, was so great, that he could not refrain from expressing it, somewhat intemperately, as appears by the following

acknowledgment, of the receipt of the last sheet of the manuscript.

"Andrew Millar, sends his compliments to Mr. Samuel Johnson, with the money for the last sheet of the copy of the Dictionary, and thanks God he has done with him." To which, Johnson, returned this good-humoured, and brief answer.

"Samuel Johnson, returns his compliments to Mr. Andrew Millar, and is very glad to find, (as he does by his note,) that Andrew Millar, has the grace, to thank God for any thing."

Account of Longevity—with some remarkable Circumstances attending it.

In St. Martin's church, in Leicester, there is an epitaph on Mr. John Heyrick, who died the 2nd of April, 1589, aged 76, expressing, "That he lived in one house with Mary, his wife, 52 years; and in all that time, never buried either man, woman,

or child, though he had sometimes 20 in family; that his wife lived to be 97 years old, and saw of children, grand-children, and great grand-children, to the number of 147.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE INSTANCE.

Michael Honeywood, a dean of Lincoln, was grand-child, and one of the three hundred and sixty-seven persons, that Mary, the wife of Robert Honywood, did see, before she died, lawfully descended from her, that is:—sixteen of her own; one hundred and fourteen grand-children; two hundred and twenty-eight of the third generation, and nine of the fourth: He was buried in Lincoln-Minster; and this account, is taken from an historical de-description of that cathedral.

Anecdote of the Duke of Sully.

The conduct of Sully, to Henry the Fourth of France, was one continued ex-

ample of that manly freedom, which a faithful minister owes to his Sovereign. The following anecdote, among many others, proves the truth of this assertion.

The King, in a weak moment, had given a written promise of marriage to Mademoiselle D'Enstrague, his mistress, and shewed it to Sully, for his opinion of the matter; the minister took it—read it, and tore it in pieces.

"Comment morblieu dit Henri, que pretendez vous donne fuire? Je crois que vous de fou; Il est vrai Sire," tut repartit Sully, "Je suis fou, et plait a Dieu, que je le fusse tout seu en France."

Anecdote of the late Duke of Northumberland's Family.

The late Mr. Butler, a gentleman of sense, and the utmost integrity, was bred to the law; but being either *too nice*, or unfortunate, he could not succeed in that line, nor several others he engaged in; and, at length, became a bankrupt. During this

distress, he was surprised to find a note addressed to him, desiring him to wait on the Duke of Northumberland, when he was informed by his Grace, "that he had been strongly recommended to him, as a man of knowledge and probity; and he therefore directed him to provide an assistant, and he would give them apartments in Northumberland-House."

At the same time, the Duke put into Mr. Butler's possession, a room full of papers, which were in the utmost confusion; but which, he said, "he had been informed, was in Mr. Butler's power to arrange, and set in order"—The latter, intreated his Grace to let him know, "to whom he was indebted for so high an obligation?" but that request, during the long course of years, that Mr. Butler served his Grace, was the only boon denied; for he lived, and died without knowing, by whose means, he was removed from poverty to affluence. The integrity of this gentleman was such, that there were people then in

the duke's houshold, who wished to put Mr. Butler out of it; for he *was so weak*, so *grateful*, and so *foolish*, as to refuse bank-notes every week, which were offered him, to expedite renewals of leases, &c. and consequently, appeared to many, a *very unfit man*, to be steward to so noble and opulent a family; in short, the duke's apartments were robbed; "and, who so likely, as a broken lawyer, and a refuser of bribes, to be the criminal?" The poor innocent clerk was dismissed, and the accident was within a hair's breadth of being the ruin, and dismission also of his master!

A man should be careful, not to let the world know, he is strictly honest—for such a man was Mr. Butler. He died in the duke's service and *favour*; and before he died, kept his carriage.

WEALTH, WISDOM, AND VIRTUE; AN EASTERN TALE.

"Come near, ye children of pleasure," said the son Massaoud, "listen to my instruc-

tion, and be wise; and let your hearts learn wisdom from the mouth of Morat—I am now journeying to the gates of death; my gardens, my houses must I leave behind *me*—Praised be Mahomet, that Mirsay shall enjoy them; let the prophet of the Highest vouchsafe, that they may not be a snare to the son of Morat."

When Abdallah, the friend of Massaoud, was received into the gardens of Paradise, his son possessed all his riches, and he shewed to me, (his friend) the largeness of his possessions, and the multitude of his wealth; I fed my eyes with the gold of Ophir; I feasted them with the glittering gems of Toak—Then, said I, to myself, "Surely, Heli is blessed; of a certain, the son of Abdallah is happy;" I thought on these things from the going down of the sun, till soft sleep seized on me; then, in the visions of the night, the heaps of treasure were still before mine eyes; and I sighed, and said, "Oh, that I were as Heli; that as his, were the riches of my house;"

while thus my heart burned, a messenger of the Highest, and of his prophet, stood before me; "Son of the dust," said he, "fear not. What is it thy heart seeketh, wisdom, power, riches, pleasure? Behold, all these are before thee;" and I said, servant of the Highest, I have prayed in secret; let riches and power be given me—Oh, let my house be as the house of Heli; when the rising sun had now gilded the east, I arose, and lo, Heli waited for me; hastened to the call of my friend—"Morat," said he, "Mahomet has revealed to me, in a vision, that the angel of death approaches me—My father had no friend, like Massaoud; *I* have scarcely one, like Morat; behold then, all my treasures are thine! but keep thy friend's memory still engraven on the tablet of thine heart."—— I was struck, as with the thunder of Heaven, that falls upon the mountains of Indostan; I replied not; but on that day, Heli was cut off, as the flower that falls beneath the sun, in the hot vallies of Ara-

bia; I possessed all his wealth; receive now my thanks, said I, O prophet; Morat, is happy! Then counted I my treasures, and rejoiced in the multitude of my riches; but soon my heart grew anxious; sleep, was banished from my eyes; I feared the oss of riches; I trembled for my life: If the bashaw of Bagdat knows of thy treasures, he will destroy thee Morat. Fear came upon me, when I purchased rich stuffs, or slaves; or even when I refreshed myself with the food which sustaineth life. He said to me, as I walked forth to taste the breeze of the evening—"Morat, thy friend, is in distress; thou art rich; wilt thou not lend thy aid to save him?" With the speed of the hart of the forest, I hastened home; I said to myself, "He knows then of my riches, how am I betrayed? I suffered my friend to perish, because my heart failed—on account of my treasure. "While thus I passed my evil day, it chanced one morning, I cast my eyes on the daughter of a mussulman; she

was beautiful as the full moon; charming as one of the Houri's—It was Fatima, the daughter of Hassan; I burned for her—"She shall become my wife," said I; "Hassan will think himself happy, to give her to Morat;" but then my countenance fell, when I considered my treasures. "Will not her father discover them," said I to myself, "to the bashaw of Bagdat. Oh, miserable Morat!" and even whilst I spoke, came a messenger from the bashaw; *he* soon followed in person; to him, I was obliged to give half of my treasures, to preserve the rest; for the darkness that sat on my brow, and the fears of my own heart had betrayed me, while those, which I helped not, agreed together against me. Seven days, and seven nights, I took no rest, nor did the food of life enter my lips; yet, at last, I suffered myself to be comforted. "Now, the bashaw," said I, "is satisfied, I have no more to fear from Hassan; I will go and demand of him his daughter."

He received me with smiles and commanded the damsel to be brought forth—She came, arrayed in shining robes, and dressed like the maidens of the east:—"Morat, demandeth thee in marriage," said her father, "Art thou willing to be his? Is the desire of thy heart toward him!" The horrors of despair seized my heart, when she answered, "O, my father, give me not to Morat!" "Why, wilt not thou, beautiful maiden, become the wife of the son of Massaoud?" said I, with a faultering and broken voice; "I love thee, Oh most charming of women! I have houses, gardens, slaves, and all manner of treasures—I have wealth and power."

"True, son of Massaoud," said she; "but thou hast not wisdom, nor the heart to use them." Then she vanished from my sight, as the morning dew vanishes before the rising sun. Hassan would not recal her; her words sunk deep into my mind; and at evening-prayer, I besought Mahomet, to give me wisdom and virtue, and

to take, if it so pleased him, those treasures, which I knew not how to employ, and that power, which I might be tempted to abuse: then it pleased Heaven, to hearken to my prayer, to grant me more than I required, for I found myself enlightened with wisdom; yet riches still were mine: but now, I no longer feared for them in my heart; I comforted my friends; I became a father to the distressed.

When Hassan heard these things, he suddenly stood before me, and lifting up his voice said, "Praised be the Highest, and Mahomet, his prophet, that Morat is at last restored to himself. Heaven! (cried he,) has given thee wisdom and virtue; behold, I give thee *Fatima*; live long, and happy, and teach those lessons to thy children, which thou hast suffered for thy ignorance?" Thus was I blessed for Fatima, and peace and plenty have attended on my steps, while Morat, the *good*—Morat, the happy, has echoed from the rising to the

setting of the sun. The angel of death comes now, not unlooked for, to waft me to the gardens of Paradise—Do thou, son of Morat, and Fatima, imitate the virtues of thy mother; follow the dying precepts of thy dying father; use thy riches well, and Heaven will add to them, the gifts of wisdom, and of virtue.

Anecdote of Louis the Fourteenth.

Louis the Fourteenth, however reprehensible for the fatal consequences of his mad ambition, united, with the most distinguished urbanity of manners a considerable share of real good nature—The following anecdote affords a striking instance of a polished and humane mind.

This Monarch was one day entertaining a select party of his courtiers, with the relation of a circumstance which he announced as extremely laughable; but, on the entrance of Prince Armagnac, he suppressed a fine repartee, which constituted

the merit of the story :—The whole circle felt themselves disappointed, which was seldom the case when his Majesty promised them entertainment, and were therefore surprised: The King observed it, but said nothing, till the Prince departed.—"Now, gentlemen," said he, "I'll make you laugh," and accordingly gave them the anecdote, unmutilated, which produced in a high degree, the promised effect. "You see," subjoined Louis, "there was an oblique stroke, which would have affected the Prince, and I suppressed it, to prevent his being embarrassed; for I would rather loose the reputation of the best bon mot that ever was uttered, than give a moment's pain to any individual;" an example, worthy the imitation of all, who aspired to the character of, really fine gentlemen.

ANECDOTE.

King George the First, after the rebellion was over, in a private conference with

his premier, enquired after Sir Charles Kerneys, with whom he had been more intimate at the court of the Princess Sophia, than with any person from England. The premier, according to the usual art of traducing those who vote against the ministry, intending to represent Sir Charles, as an enemy to his Majesty, by saying, "That he voted against the succession, in the house of Hanover; was immediately interrupted by his Majesty—"Voted," says the King, "Voting, is amongst yourselves; I would see the man; go, tell him, I will smoke a pipe with him at St. James's." Sir Robert Walpole, delivering the message from the King, was told by Sir Charles Kerneys—"I have had the honour to be personally known to the elector of Hanover; and as no man living can have more satisfaction and pleasure in any one's conversation, than I have had in his most agreeable company, should be extremely proud of the high favour, of smoking again a private pipe with him—

But it must be at Hanover." The story is authentic, and it is left to every one to make what reflections he pleases on his Majesty's extraordinary benevolence, and the baronet's political principles.

Anecdote of the Great Duke of Marlborough.

In the war of the confederates with France, the deputies of the States of Holland were a constant obstruction to the views of Prince Eugene, and the Duke of Marlborough. The duke was one day asked, "How it happened, that Alexander the Great, and many other heroes of antiquity, had, in one year, made such considerable progress; and that now, all that the greatest, and most accomplished generals could do, was to take two or three towns, in the course of a single campaign."—"The reason," he replied, "is sufficiently obvious; Alexander, and the other great heroes of antiquity, had never any deputies from the states-general in their camps."

ANECDOTE OF SIR THOMAS GRESHAM.

Sir Thomas Gresham, who built the Royal Exchange, was the son of a very poor woman, who left him in a field, when an infant; but the chirping of a grasshopper, leading a boy to the place where he lay, his life was preserved: from this circumstance, the future merchant, took the grasshopper for his crest; and hence the cause of placing the figure of that insect over the Royal Exchange.

Anecdote of Philip the Second, King of Spain.

Philip, walking one day alone in one of the cloisters, belonging to the convent of the escurial, a tradesman, seeing the door open, went in, transported with admiration at the fine paintings with which the house is adorned. "He addressed himself to the King," whom he took for one of the servants of the convent, and "de-

sired him to shew him the paintings, and describe the subjects of them."

Philip, with all the humility, and condescension of a lay brother, conducted him through all the apartments, and gave him every satisfaction he could desire; at parting, the stranger took him by the hand, and squeezing it very affectionately, said, "I am much obliged to you, friend, I live at St. Martin's, and my name is Michael Bambis, and if you should come my way, and call on me, you will find a glass of good wine at your service!"—"And *my name*," said the pretended servant, "is Philip the Second, and if you will call on me at Madrid, *I will give you a glass of as good.*"

Prayer of Henry the Fourth of France, immediately before a Battle, in which he obtained a COMPLEAT VICTORY.

O Lord of Hosts, who can see through the thickest veil, and closest disguise; who

views the bottom of my heart, and the deepest designs of my enemies; who hast in thy hands, as well as before thine eyes, all the events which concern human life. If thou knowest, that my reign will promote thy glory, and the safety of thy people; if thou knowest that I have no other ambition in my soul, but to advance the honour of thy holy name, and the good of this state—Favour, O great God, the justice of my arms, and induce all the rebels to acknowledge him, whom thy sacred decree, and the order of a lawful succession, has made their Sovereign; but if thy good providence, has ordered it otherwise; and thou seest, that I should prove one of those Kings, whom thou givest in thine anger; take from me, O merciful God, my life, and my crown; make me, this day, a sacrifice to thy will; let my death, end the calamities of France, and let my blood be the last spilt in this quarrel."

ANECDOTE OF BONNEL THORNTON.

Mr. Thornton's celebrity, as a man of wit, as well as a writer of reputation, has been well established; like most wits too, he loved conviviality, which frequently led him to late hours, and consequently short mornings. —After a night, spent in this manner, an old female relation, called upon him late in the morning, and found him in bed; on which, she read him a lecture on prudence, which she concluded, by saying, "Ah, Bonnel! Bonnel! I see plainly, you'll shorten your days!" "Very true, madam," replied Bonnel, very gravely, "But, by the same rule, I shall lengthen my nights."

ANECDOTE OF A FRENCH FAMILY, 1767.

The family of L—, in France, are constantly boasting of their antiquity; they pretend to trace their origin from *Anne*, the mother of the Virgin Mary.

In a chateau, belonging to their estate, is preserved an old picture, which represents a gentleman, an ancestor of the family, in complete armour, on his knees, before the virgin. The virgin has a scroll, depending from her mouth, on which is written, "*Rise cousin.*" Another scroll is represented, as issuing from the gentleman's mouth, on which are these words *Excuse me cousin, I know my duty.*"

Anecdote of the late Lord Orrery, and Mr. Garrick.

The late Lord Orrery was a singularly formal character; *Sir Anthony Bramble*, in the *Discovery*, exhibits a very good portrait of his lordship's manners. It was sometimes the wish of Mr. Garrick to play upon the suavity of the old nobleman, and induce him to contradict himself; this power, he exerted very successfully, in a conversation relative to the late Mr. Mossop.

Lord Orrery wrote a letter from Ireland to Garrick, requesting, that "Mossop, might be engaged at Drury-lane;" in consequence of this letter, Mr. Mossop was engaged: and, some months afterwards, his lordship came to England; he took an early opportunity, of breakfasting with Mr. Garrick, when the following dialogue passed between them:

Orrery.—David, I rejoice to see you in health; the success of your theatre, I inquire not about, for where Mossop, and yourself are, it must be triumphant: The Percy and the Douglas, both in arms, have a right to be confident; *separate*, you are two bright luminaries; *united*, you are a constellation. The *Gemini*, the *Castor*, and *Pollux*, of the theatric hemisphere; for excepting yourself, my dear David, no man, that ever trod on tragic ground, has so forcibly exhibited, the various passions that agitate, and, I may say, that agonise the human mind. He makes that broad stroke at the heart, which being aimed by the

hand of Nature, reaches the prince or the peasant—the peer, or the plebeian—He is not the mere player of fashion; for the mere player of fashion, David, may be compared to a man, tossed in a blanket; the very instant his supporters quit their hold of the coverlid, down drops the hero of the day, and his bones are dislocated, or his neck is broken; however, as general assertions do not carry conviction, I will range my opinions under different heads, not doubting your assent to my declarations, which shall be founded on fact, and built upon experience—First of the first, his voice—*his voice*, is the *argentum box* of the ancients, the silver tone, of which so much has been written, but which never struck upon a modern ear, till Mossop spoke, "then mute attention reigned."

Garrick.—Why, my lord, as to his voice, I must needs acknowledge, his voice is *loud* enough, the severest critic, could not accuse him with whispering his part; for egad, it was so loud, that the people had

no occasion to come into the theatre, they used to go into the pastry-cook's, in Russel-court, and eat their custards, and hear him as well as if they had been in the orchestra, for he would make "the Welkin roar again." No one could doubt the goodness of his lungs, or accuse him of sparing them; but as to—

Orrery.—What! you have found out that he bellows, have you? you have discovered that he roars. Upon my soul, David, you are right; he bellows like a bull; we used to call him Bull Mossop; *Mossop, the bull*: We had no better name for him. But then, David, his *eye*, is an eye of fire; and when he looks, "he looks unutterable things;" it is scarce necessary that he should speak, for his eye conveys every thing that he means; excepting *your own eye*, David; it is the brightest, the most expressive, most *speaking* eye, that ever beamed in a—

Garrick.—Why, my lord? with the utmost submission to your lordship; from whose accurate judgment and comprehensive

understanding, I tremble to differ; does not your lordship think there's a—dull sort of a heaviness—a blanket—a kind film, a?

Orrery.—What! you have discovered that he is blind? he is as blind as a beetle; there is, indeed, an *opacity*, a *stare*, without *sight*; a kind of film, like that you describe. Egad, David, whatever *his eye* is, nothing escapes *your's*; but though I must acknowledge, he bellows like a bull, and is as blind as a beetle; yet, his *memory*, has that tenacity, that every thing adheres to it, that is once recieved—He does not forget a syllable.

Garrick.—Upon my honour, my lord, if his memory *was* what you describe in Ireland, he must have forgot to bring it with him to London, for *here*, the prompter, was obliged to repeat every sentence; and he could not retain a *whole* sentence, there was a necessity for splitting it, and giving it him in two parts.

Orrery.—What! you have found out, that his head runs out; when he was with us,

Lady Orrery, used to call him Cullender Mossop—Mossop the cullender: The fellow could not remember a common distich; but notwithstanding, I must acknowledge, he is blind as a beetle; bellows like a bull; and cannot retain any thing more than a cullender; yet, his carriage is so easy; his air so gentleman-like; his deportment has so much fashion about it, that you perceive, at a glance, he had kept the best company, and no one who sees him, would ever conceive, that they were looking at a player; he has the port of nobility—he looks like one of us.—

Garrick.—As to his port, my lord, I grant you, he is tall, and upright enough, but, with submission—the utmost submission, to your lordship's better judgment; did not you think there was a kind of an aukwardness—a rigidity—a vulgarity? We had fencing-masters, dancing-masters, but all would not do; he looked more like a taylor, than a gentleman.

Orrery.—What! you have found out

he's stiff? By the lord, David, you are right; nothing escapes you; he is stiff—stiff as a poker; I remember, we used to call him Poker Mossop; we had no better name for him in the country; but however, his body might want, as I must acknowledge it did, the graceful *suavity* of the antinour; his mind, ever formed of the most *flexible* materials; any advice, which you gave him, he would take; a hint was, I am persuaded, all that was necessary.

Garrick.—There, my lord, in this, I must be bold enough to oppose you in the most pointed manner; for of all the *obstinate, headstrong, unmanageable animals*, I ever dealt with in all my life, he is the most untractable; the most stubborn; the most wrong-headed—I never knew one instance, where he followed any advice that I gave him, in any the smallest degree; if I recommended him to dress a character *plain*, he came upon the stage like a gingerbread king; if I advised *splendour* in his appearance, he endeavoured at getting a

quaker's dress, from the keeper of the wardrobe; and, in every thing else, had that most impenetrable—

Orrery.—So, you have discovered, that he is obstinate? Upon my soul, he is as obstinate as a pig; he has more of that animal's pertinacity than any man I ever knew in my life; but yet, David, *with all his faults*, he is—but I have no time to enter into the particulars—but, be what he will, you have engaged him; and I wish you may agree with each other.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

It is well known, that the great Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, perished at the battle of Lutzan, which he gained on the 16th of November, 1632, but nothing positive was known, as to the circumstances of his death; some pretended, that Cardinal Richlieu was the author of it; others, that he was assassinated by Duke Albert of Lauenbourgh, one of his generals, who was

himself, killed by one of the Austrians; but a letter has been lately found, in the archives of Sweden, which explains that melancholy event quite in another manner; it is dated January the 29th, 1725, and addressed by Mr. André Goedging, to Mr. Nicholas Hawedson D'Hal, secretary to the archives of that kingdom, and is as follows—

"When I was in Saxony, in 1687, I, by a happy chance, discovered the circumstances of the unfortunate end of King Gustavus Adolphus: That great Prince, went out without any other attendant, than a valet, to discover the enemy; a thick fog, prevented his perceiving a detachment of Austrian troops, who fired, and wounded him, but did not kill him; the valet, who assisted the King to regain the camp, finished him with a pistol, and took a pair of spectacles, which the Prince always wore, he being very near-sighted. I bought those spectacles of the Duke of Hauenburgh, whilst I was in Saxony; the cour-

derer of the King was very old, and drew near his end. Remorse, for so attrocious an action, was a continual torment to him; and he sent for the above-named dean, and confessed his crime to him; these circumstances I had from the mouth of the dean himself, of whom I bought those spectacles, which I have deposited among the archives of Sweden."

ANECDOTE OF MARSHAL VILLIERS.

It is well known, that the Marshal valued himself upon his disinterestedness, and the strict discipline he maintained in the army, and the severe justice exercised on delinquents of all kinds; talking on the subject one day, in a circle in Paris, he told the company, that "in one of his campaigns in Germany, great complaints were made against the commissary of stores, for frauds of various kinds, which were clearly proved—I sent for the fellow," said the marshal, "and after reproaching

him with his guilt, declared, I would hang him up, as an object of terror to others."—On which he had the impudence to tell me, that "he was worth a hundred thousand louis d'ors: and that I could produce no precedent of a man, *with such a sum*, being hanged." The marshal here stopped, and the company, crying out, "Well, what did you do to the man?" "I don't know how it was, but the scoundrel *was not hanged.*"

ANECDOTE OF GARRICK.

When in the early part of his life, he performed *Hanger*, with a most uncommon spirit, and so well *looked* the part, that a young lady, of great family and fortune, fell violently in love with him; her friends, finding it in vain to reason with her, and dreading her forming a matrimonial connexion with a player, took her to see him play *Scrub*, and the very contemptible appearance he made in that part, wrought a perfect cure. Garrick was himself so conscious of the

pitiful figure he made in that character, and so thoroughly ashamed of it, that he gave directions to the box-keeper, that "If any of Lord Burlington's family came to take places, he must say, the boxes were all taken."

ANECDOTE OF DOCTOR JOHNSON.

A lady, having expressed her wonder to the doctor, that "Milton, who had written so sublime a poem, as the Paradise Lost, should have been so very inferior to himself, in the composition of his Sonnets!" he replied, "Is it then matter of surprise, madam, that the hand, which was able to scoop a Colossus, of the most *perfect symetry* from a *rock*, should fail in an attempt to form the head of Venus out of a cherry-stone."

Anecdote of Chancellor Bacon, which most admirably displays his Integrity.

A *pleader*, who had a great cause to submit to his decision, sent to him two hand-

some silver flaggons, as a present; Bacon returned them, full of wine, with this message "As I suppose you sent the flaggons, to know what wines I keep in my cellar, I have filled them with the two best sorts I have at present in my possession."

Anecdote of the Duke of Bedford—1771.

When his Grace negociated the late peace at Paris, he signed the preliminaries with the French minister Choiseul, and stipulated no further for the possessions of the East-India company, than he was advised by the court of directors. A gentleman, a Dutch Jew, of great abilities and character, hearing this, wrote a letter to the Duke of Bedford, informing him, that "the English East-India company materially neglected their own interest, as their chief conquests were made *subsequent* to the period at which they had fixed their claim of sovereignty; and if these *latter* conquests were to be restored, an immense annual revenue would

necessarily be taken from England." The duke, struck with he force of the fact, yet, embarrassed how to act, as the preliminaries were really signed, repaired to Choiseul, at Versailles, and addressed him thus: "My lord, I have committed a great mistake in signing the preliminaries, as the affairs of the India possessions must be carried down to the last conquest in Asia"—To this Choiseul replied, "Your Grace astonishes me, I thought I had been treating with the minister of a great nation, and not with a student in politics, who does not consider the validity of written engagements."

"Your reproach, my lord, is just," returned the Duke, "but I will not add treachery to negligence, nor betray my country deliberately, because I have over-looked her interest unaccountably, in a single circumstance; therefore, unless your lordship agrees, to cede the latter conquests in India, I shall return home in twelve hours, and submit the fate of my head, to the discretion of an English parliament." Choiseul,

staggered at the duke's intrepidity, complied, and this country now enjoys above half a million annually, from the firmness of a man, whose virtues never received that justice from the community they deserved.

On the termination of the affair to his satisfaction, he gave his informant, the Dutch gentleman, the warmest recommendation to England; who accordingly came over, and received a pension of five hundred pounds a year from the India company, as a reward for his services.

ANECDOTE.

When the great Admiral Haddock was dying, he called his son, and said to him, "Considering my rank in life, and public services for so many years, I shall leave you but a small fortune; but, my boy, it is honestly got, and will wear well; there are no seaman's wages, or provisions—not one single penny of dirty

money in it." The family of the *Haddocks*, were remarkable for their sea-services; and the grandfather, father, and son had medals given them at one and the same time, for their gallant behaviour, *in a general action against the Dutch.*

ANECDOTE.

Doctor Trevor, late Bishop of Durham, had a distinguishing title, by which he was better known in public, than even by that which his ecclesiastical dignity conferred, the fact was as follows:—

The bishop, who was a remarkably handsome man, was in the drawing-room, during the late reign, and was coming up to the King, to pay his respects to the Sovereign, at the very instant that the Duches of Kingston, and some other ladies, were in close conversation with his Majesty. The King no sooner saw him, then he made a motion towards him, on which the ladies gave way. After the

bishop had retired. his Majesty, at all times, a gallant, made some apology, for so abruptly breaking off the ladies' conversation. Oh, said *Chudleigh*, "All ranks must give way, to such *a beauty of Holiness*"—By which name the bishop was called, to the hour of his death.

ON GOOD SENSE.

Were I to explain what I understand by good sense, I should call it *right reason*; but right reason that arises, not from formal and logical deductions; but from a sort of intuitive faculty in the soul, which distinguishes, by immediate perception, a kind of innate sagacity, that in many of its properties seems very much to resemble instinct. It would be improper therefore, to say, that "Sir Isaac Newton shewed his good sense by those amazing discoveries which he made in Natural Philosophy"—The operations of this gift of Heaven are rather instan-

taneous, than the result of any tedious process, like Diomede, after Minerva had endued him, with the power of discerning gods from mortals. The man of good sense discovers at once, the truths of those objects he is most concerned to distinguish, and conducts himself with suitable caution and security. It is for this reason, possibly, that this quality of the mind is not so often found united with learning as one could wish; for good sense being accustomed to receive her discoveries, without labour or study, she cannot so easily wait for those truths, which being placed at a distance, and lying concealed under numberless covers, require much pains, and application to unfold—But though good sense, is not in the number, nor always, it must be owned, in the company of the sciences; yet, it is (as the most sensible of the poets has justly observed,) fairly worth the seven.

Rectitude of understanding is, indeed,

the most useful, as well as most noble of human endowments, as it is the sovereign guide and director in every branch of civil and social intercourse. Upon whatever occasion this enlightening faculty is exerted, it is always sure to act with distinguished eminence; but its chief and peculiar province seems to be in the commerce of the world; accordingly, we observe that those who have conversed more with men, than with books, whose wisdom is derived more from *experience*, than contemplation, generally possess this happy talent with superior perfection.—For good sense, though it cannot be acquired, may be improved, and the *world*, I believe, will be found to afford the most favourable soil for cultivation.

Anecdote of Queen Elizabeth.

Queen Elizabeth, (after her coming to the crown,) used often to confer with Sir Richard Throgmorton, who, (observing,

that she often likewise consulted with some great persons who had been of her sister's councils, whom he liked not,) frankly told her, "How inconvenient and dangerous, he thought it would be in the end, for her to advise with, and be directed by such persons, who, (he said) if they once got into her councils and confidence, would either gain her to their religion, or, if they found they could not carry that point, endeavour, as indeed they afterwards did, to take her away by poison"—Whereupon, the Queen, enraged at his freedom, replied, "S'death, villain, I will have thy head"—To which he steadily answered, "You will do well to consider first, madam, how long you shall be able to keep your own, on your own shoulders"—which said, he departed. Afterwards, upon cooler thoughts, the Queen sent for him again, and they were reconciled—Not long after which she sent him her ambassador to France.

Some particulars of the King of Prussia, that happened a few days before his Death.

His most Serene Highness the Duke of Courland, caused it to be signified to his Majesty, that, "before his departure for Silesia, he wished to pay him once more his devoirs." The King sent him for answer, that "his visit would be extremely agreeable to him, and that he would expect his highness." The Duke, accordingly waited upon him, and finding him in very good spirits, he said, "He was extremely happy to see his Majesty so free from pain, as to be able to indulge a vien of good humour." The King thanked his Highness, and said, "I find myself tolerably well; I feel no cause of complaint, except in my legs, which refuse to do their office—It is true, indeed, I cannot sleep; but then I derive one advantage, and that not inconsiderable, from this misfortune."—"Pray,

what can that be?" asked the Duke. "Why," replied the King, "it is, that I make a watchful night centinel."

This answer, made the Duke burst into a fit of loud laughter, in which the King himfelf joined so heartily, that the noise reached the next room, where some husars were stationed, one of whom, immediately entered the royal apartment, and enquired, "if his Majesty had called?"

"You see," said the old Monarch, "my people are surprised to hear me laugh; for I assure you, this is the first time, I have done so these two years."

His Majesty, was sensibly affected at the departure of Prince Dolgorucki, who, for many years, had filled the office of ambassador, at the court of Berlin, from the Empress of Russia. The Prince was introduced to his audience of leave, about nine days before the King's death. The Monarch took him by the hand, and bid him farewel, in these terms: "I am as much concerned at your recal, as I am at

our separation—My dear Prince, farewel! assure your Sovereign of my esteem; and, as to yourself, be assured, that as long as I live, you will be ever dear to me; and that time shall never be able to efface you from my memory." The old Prince, deeply affected by this mark of royal attachment, was unable to reply; but his silence, and the tears that ran down his aged cheeks, expressed his gratitude much better than any words could do. The King looked stedfastly on him, and seeing the tears falling down his face, stretched out his hand to him, and embraced him, without being able to say another word. This scene, sufficiently moving of itself, became still more so, from the circumstanee of the great age of both, and the reflection, that on that account, they were taking leave for ever.

A few nights before the great Frederick died, he waked in the night, and rang his bell; one of the servants in waiting, entering the apartment, asked, "What

was his Majesty's pleasure?" He called for drink, which was immediately given him in a glass. As the King had not slept in a bed for a long time, but in an armed chair, the servant, put one hand under the King's head, to raise it a little, and with the other, held the glass to his mouth—In the very act of drinking, the King began to doze again; and at last fell into a profound sleep, which lasted *two full hours*—During all that time, the servant did not dare to stir, lest he should disturb the rest of his royal master; and from the inconvenience of the attitude in which he stood, he was so fatigued, as to be just on the point of fainting; when, fortunately for him, his Majesty awoke. "Bless me," said the King, "I have been asleep; I believe, I have dozed away a quarter of an hour"—"Indeed, Sir," replied the servant, "You have slept two hours." "Two hours!" replied the King, "Then, poor fellow,

you must be sorely tired, you shall have something for your pains." He accordingly gave him money to the value of ten guineas.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

C. Stower, Printer, Charles-Street, Hatton Garden.